MOVING PICTURE STORIES

10¢

Norma Shearer

LOVE STORIES
From the Screen

August 26, 1930
Vol. 37, No. 853

Lonely? Join Rosemary Lee's Helping Hearts Club

. . . . Home from the Office

Fresh and Ready for Fun

MARY'S partner smiled at her. "I have good news for you, Mary. My father says he's going to raise your pay this week. Aren't you glad?"

"Of course I am. But I didn't expect it so soon."

"Well, you deserve it. Father says you take twice as many letters as any other girl in the office, yet finish your work while they often stay overtime. I can't understand how you do it, Mary. A few weeks ago you were like all the other girls, too tired and worn-out to enjoy yourself after a day's work. Now, even though you do more work you're as fresh and full of life as though you hadn't pounded a typewriter for eight hours. You're enjoying life now—always ready to dance or play any day in the week. Do you wonder that I like you so much?"

Then Mary Told Him Her Secret

"That's one more good thing I owe to Speedwriting—"

"Speedwriting? What's that?"

"Oh. It's the new stenography that helped me take letters faster, finish my work quicker, and make everything so easy that it's like a game. And it took only four weeks to learn it perfectly."

"Only four weeks! Why, Mary, you must be joking!"

"I'm not. Remember last month when I wouldn't go home with you. Well, I was practicing Speedwriting then; learning it while I was travelling to and from the office, less than an hour a day."

"What kind of stenography can it be? I always thought it took years to learn shorthand, and then long, hard experience to get up real speed. Now you say that you learned Speedwriting in a month, and developed more speed and accuracy in a month than other girls get in *years!*"

"Why not? Everybody who takes up Speedwriting does exactly what I did."

No More Overtime

Thousands have discovered these wonderful benefits of SPEEDWRITING. From actual experience they know it eliminates the long, tedious study and the hard, wearisome drudgery of the old sign systems—that it really does make stenography easier than ever.

SPEEDWRITING notes are taken in plain A-B-C's. You transcribe rapidly, surely, and *without errors!* You have *all* your letters typed, sealed and stamped before closing time. Best of all SPEEDWRITING is so natural and simple that you feel fresh when you leave for home.

So Easy to Learn!

No wonder experienced stenographers, business executives, club women, professional men, and girls preparing for business careers, all prefer SPEEDWRITING. Here is the one stenography that everybody can learn quickly; that everybody can depend upon in actual daily use.

There is really nothing new to learn when you take up SPEEDWRITING. You use the A-B-C's which you have been using all your life. You master the principles of this new, natural shorthand in one practice lesson, and develop expert speed in a few weeks.

Bigger Pay For You!

In every way SPEEDWRITING helps you to become a more capable and more efficient stenographer. Your employer will know that he can depend on you to take letters as fast as he speaks. He will know that you will type every letter exactly as he gave it to you. He will soon see that you can do more work faster, cleaner and more accurately than others.

There can be no better proof of these valuable pay-raising advantages than the letters of SPEEDWRITING students. On this page you can read some enthusiastic comments. Thousands of letters just like these have been received.

Write at once for the big, fascinating book which explains every detail of SPEEDWRITING and how you can learn this new, easy, dependable stenography in spare time at home. Your request for the book is the first step towards a better position and bigger pay. This valuable book is FREE, so send for it today.

SPEEDWRITING, Inc.
200 Madison Ave.
Dept. 566
New York, N. Y.

"Through my knowledge of Speedwriting, I have been able to hold a more responsible position and one that is more interesting. One of the greatest advantages of Speedwriting is that it may be thoroughly mastered in such a short length of time."—F. McGarvin, Alamitos Bay, Cal.

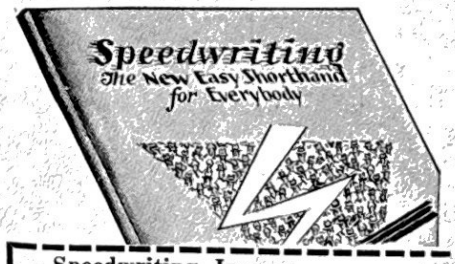
"I am very happy to be able to tell you that I have been offered a position with a raise of Twenty Dollars. I will start with my new work next month. This is what Speedwriting has done for me."—Viola Gail Ramos, Peoria, Ill.

"I had used another System of Shorthand for two years, but my work seemed difficult and never satisfied me. When I changed to Speedwriting, the former difficulties disappeared. Through Speedwriting I have secured a better position." — Grace Mallon, Brooklyn, N. Y.

"The Manager of the Zone Accounting Bureau wanted me to accept a position as his confidential secretary. I heard of Speedwriting, wrote for the Course, and have been able to use it since the very first lesson. I feel that my present position and increased salary are very largely due to Speedwriting."—Lulu Moore, Huntington, W. Va.

"I wish to tell you of my good fortune in securing a position in a lawyer's office here in town. I got this place just after I had sent in my final examination to you, even before I received it back.

"I got a raise two weeks after getting the position. So you see Speedwriting is doing all for me what it has done for so many others before me."—Jean S. Moore, Lebanon, Tennessee.



Speedwriting, Inc.
200 Madison Ave., Dept. 566,
New York, N. Y.

I do want to know more about Speedwriting. You may send me the FREE Booklet without obligation on my part.

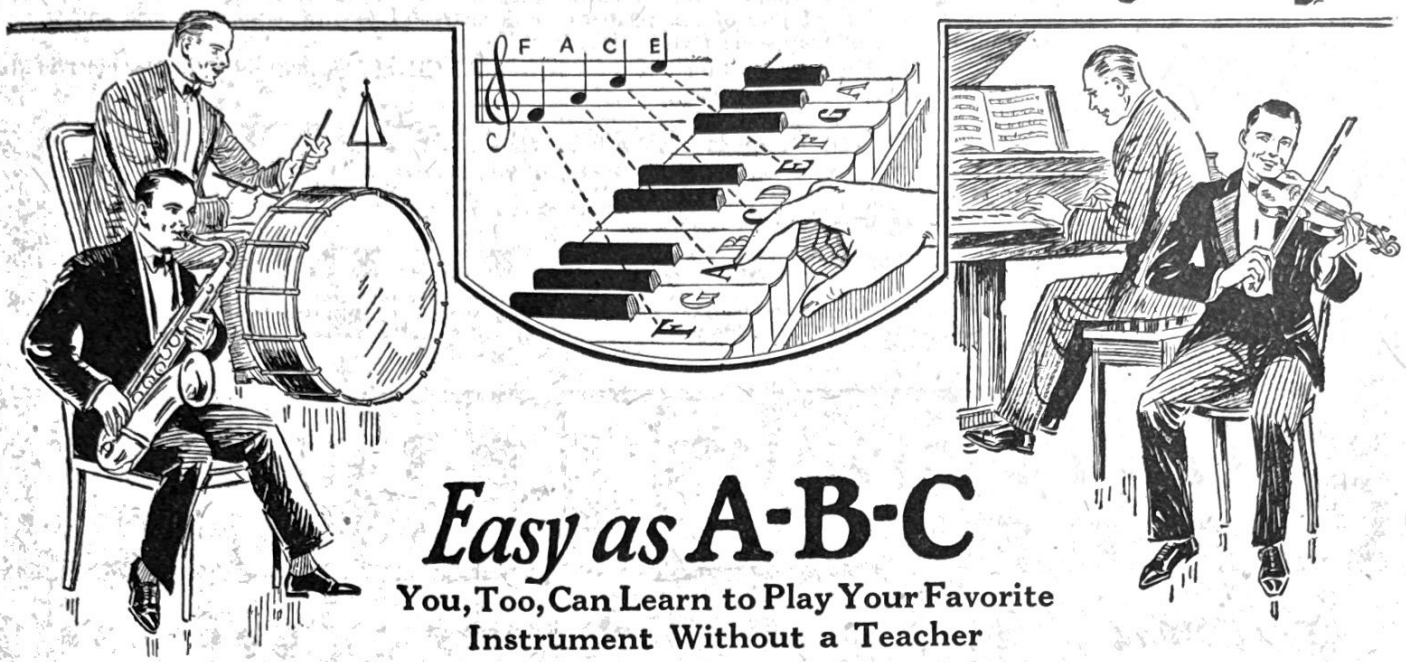
Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

Half a Million People

have learned music this easy way



Easy as A-B-C

You, Too, Can Learn to Play Your Favorite Instrument Without a Teacher

YES, half a million delighted men and women all over the world have learned music this quick, easy way.

Half a million—500,000—what a gigantic orchestra they would make! Some are playing on the stage, others in orchestras, and many thousands are daily enjoying the pleasure and popularity of being able to play some instrument.

Surely this is convincing proof of the success of the **new, modern method** perfected by the U. S. School of Music! and what these people have done, YOU, too, can do!

Many of this half million didn't know one note from another—others had never touched an instrument—yet in half the usual time they learned to play their favorite instrument. Best of all, they found learning music **amazingly easy.** No monotonous hours of exercises—no tedious scales—no expensive teachers. This simplified method made learning music as easy as A-B-C!

It is like a fascinating game. From the very start you are playing **real** tunes perfectly by **note.** You simply can't go wrong, for every step, from beginning to end, is right before your eyes in print and picture. First you are **told** how to do a thing, then a picture **shows** you how, then you do it yourself and **hear** it. And almost before you know it, you are playing your favorite pieces—jazz, ballads, classics. No private teacher could make it clearer. Little theory—plenty of accomplishment. That's why students of the U. S. School of Music get ahead **twice as fast—three times as fast** as those who study old-fashioned, plodding methods.

What Instrument for You?

Piano	Guitar
Organ	Piccolo
Violin	Hawaiian Steel Guitar
Banjo (Plectrum, 5-String or Tenor)	Drums and Traps
Clarinet	Mandolin
Flute	Sight Singing
Harp	Ukulele
Cornet	Trombone
'Cello	Saxophone

Voice and Speech Culture
Automatic Finger Control
Piano Accordion

You don't need any special "talent." Many of the half million who have already become accomplished players never dreamed they possessed musical ability. They only wanted to play some instrument—just like you—and they found they could quickly learn how this easy way. Just a little of your spare time each day is needed—and you enjoy every minute of it. The cost is surprisingly low—averaging only a few cents a day—and the price is the same for whatever instrument you choose. And remember you are studying right in your own home—without paying big fees to private teachers.

Don't miss any more good times! Learn now to play your favorite instrument and surprise all your friends. Change from a wallflower to the center of attraction. Music is the best thing to offer at a party—musicians are invited everywhere. Enjoy the popularity you have been missing. Get your share of the musician's pleasure and profit! Start now!

Free Booklet and Demonstration Lesson

If you are in earnest about wanting to join the crowd of entertainers and be a "big hit" at any party—if you really **do** want to play your favorite instrument, to become a performer whose services will be in demand—fill out and mail the convenient coupon asking for our Free Booket and Free Demonstration Lesson. These explain our wonderful method fully and show you how easily and quickly you can learn to play at little expense. The booklet will also tell you all about the amazing new **Automatic Finger Control.** Instruments are supplied when needed—cash or credit. U. S. School of Music, 257 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

U. S. School of Music,
257 Brunswick Bldg., New York City

Please send me your free book, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane. Free Demonstration Lesson, and partciulars of your easy payment plan. I am interested in the following course:

Have you above instrument?.....

Name .....
(Please Write Plainly)

Address .....

City ..... State .....

The Greatest Sin

Must every woman pay the price of happiness in bitter tears and years of regret? Must millions of homes be ruined—lovers and sweethearts driven apart—marriages totter to the brink of divorce—the sacred joys of sex relations be denied? YES—Just as long as men and women remain ignorant of the simple facts of life.

The Greatest Sin of all is total IGNORANCE of the most important subject in the life of every man and woman—SEX.

AWAY WITH FALSE MODESTY!

Let us face the facts of sex fearlessly and frankly, sincerely and scientifically. Let us tear the veil of shame and mystery from sex and build the future of the race on a new knowledge of all the facts of sex as they are laid bare in plain, daring but wholesome words, and frank pictures in the huge new library of Sex Knowledge.

"MODERN EUGENICS"

39 Chapters—Startling Illustrations.

This volume abounds in truthful illustrations and pictures of scientific interest that one seldom, if ever, finds outside of the highly technical medical books which laymen fail to understand. Every picture is true to life.

544 Pages of SECRETS

Everything a Married Woman Should Know—

How to hold a husband
How to have perfect children
How to preserve youth
Warding off other women
Keeping yourself attractive
Why husbands tire of wives
Dreadful diseases due to ignorance
Diseases of women
Babies and birth control
Twilight sleep—easy childbirth
How babies are conceived
Diseases of children
Family health guide
Change of life—hygiene
Why children die young
Inherited traits and diseases
What will you tell your growing girl?
The mystery of twins
Hundreds of valuable remedies

Girls—Don't Marry before you know all this—

The dangers of petting
How to be a vamp
How to manage the honeymoon
What liberties to allow
Secrets of the wedding nights
Beauty diets and baths
Do you know——
How to attract desirable men
How to manage men
How to know if he loves you
How to acquire bodily grace and beauty
How to beautify face, hands, hair, teeth and feet
How to acquire charm
How to dress attractively
Intimate personal hygiene
How to pick a husband

Secrets for Men—

Mistakes of early marriages
Secrets of fascination
Joys of perfect mating
How to make women love you
Bringing up healthy children
Nursing and weaning
Fevers and contagious diseases
Accidents and emergencies
Hygiene in the home
How to care for invalids
Limitation of offspring
The sexual embrace
Warning to young men
Secrets of greater delight
Dangerous diseases
Secrets of sex attraction
Hygienic precautions
Anatomy and physiology
The reproductive organs
What every woman wants
Education of the family
Sex health and prevention

Important! This work will not be sold to minors. When ordering your book, state your age!

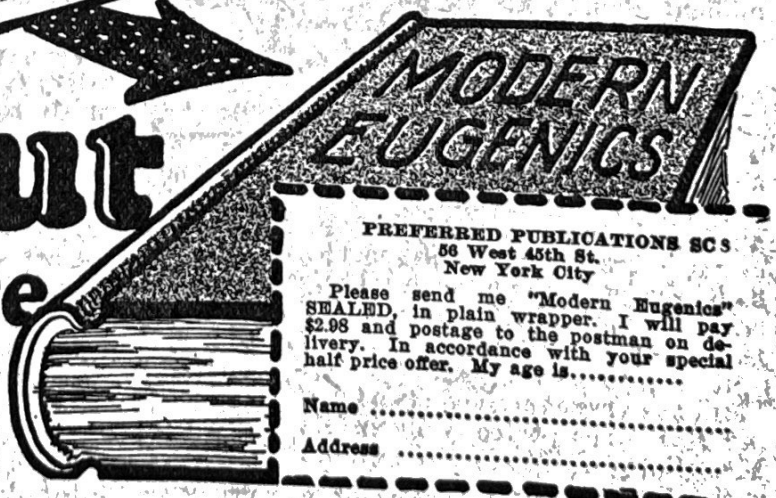
250,000 Sold

This huge volume of sales enables us to cut the cost of printing to $2.98 instead of $5.00. Would YOU risk your health and happiness for the sake of having $2.98 more in your pocket?—Of course not!

What Will You Tell Your Growing Child?

Will you let your children grow up in the same dangerous ignorance in which you yourself perhaps were reared—or will you guide them safely through adolescence by the aid of this truly helpful book?

Cut Price Offer



PREFERRED PUBLICATIONS SC 8
56 West 45th St.
New York City

Please send me "Modern Eugenics" SEALED, in plain wrapper. I will pay $2.98 and postage to the postman on delivery. In accordance with your special half price offer. My age is.....

Name .....

Address .....

VOL. XXXVII No. 853 AUGUST 26, 1930

Moving Picture Stories

ETHEL ROSEMON, Editor ISSUED EVERY OTHER TUESDAY

CONTENTS

Wild Company 3-5
Evelyn Prescott
Cobra 6-7
Dora Dawson
That's That 8-9
Ruth Rand
The Florodora Girl.....10-12
Norman Beach
The Sea Bat 14-16
Val Lewton
Consult Mystic Myra.....17
Myra Merton
Prince of Diamonds.....18-19
Jean Pennington
Our School of Scenario Writing.20
Anne Maxwell
Helping Hearts Club.....21-23
Rosemary Lee

Wild Company

By EVELYN PRESCOTT

Larry looked over at Dick with a grin of triumph. Yes, sir, the alluring Sally had consented to dance with him.

THE fact that his father, the rich and respected Henry Grayson, stood for morality and total abstinence in politics meant nothing at all to Larry Grayson. Life for him was a wild party that never ended. It merely moved on to the next speakeasy.

There were intermissions at the family home when Larry found his father a generous, if protesting, replenisher of the bank roll, and the boy laughed at serious paternal advice. Dad simply had no sense of humor. What he said was of no consequence, anyway, since he always handed over the money.

Mrs. Grayson worried over her son. Often she told her husband:

"You spoil him. He has too much freedom. It's dangerous!"

But Grayson laughed at her fears. No harm could come to the boy and he was too young to have any responsibilities.

One night at the Beach Club dance, Larry drank himself into a high state of hilarity. Natalie drew him aside and tried to reason with him. She was the girl he meant to marry but he couldn't stand preaching.

"Oh, don't be pre-war, Natalie! Let's dance!" he remonstrated.

"I don't want to dance. I want to go home and I don't want you to go with me—you've had too much to drink," the girl answered.

"Well, okay," Larry told her and Natalie rushed away in tears.

Just then Dick, his pal, strolled out of the club house and found Larry sulking.

"If you ask me, this party isn't any too hot. How

MOVING PICTURE STORIES, published bi-weekly by Pal Publishing Corporation, Office of publication, Brooklyn Eagle, 305 Washington Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Editorial and business office, 1478 Broadway, New York City. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Brooklyn, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright 1930 by Pal Publishing Corporation. Single copies, 10 cents; yearly subscription, $2.50; Canada, $3.00; foreign, $3.50.

"Better think it over, Grayson."

would you like to go over to The Skyrocket? Drinks there are only fifty cents a throw."

The suggestion sounded all right to Larry.

"Me for that!" And away they raced in his new car.

At The Skyrocket, Larry was recognized as the son of Henry Grayson. The reform wave backed by Grayson's influence had threatened the club.

"What better protection than to involve Grayson's son?" reasoned a wiley management.

Somewhat to his dazzled surprise, Larry found that the best was none too good for him in this gay and gilded resort and his spirits went on rising.

Sally Curtis, star entertainer at the club, was a vision of grace and beauty when she sang her blues and love songs. Promptly Larry fell for her and tried to signal her while she sang. Dick warned him:

"Better cut it out. She belongs to Joe Hardy, gangster. He's sitting over there."

"Well, he doesn't mean a thing to me."

Larry was reckless and he made a bet with Dick. He would wager the amount of their check that Sally would dance with him.

Sally had joined Joe Hardy at his table. While Larry rather unsteadily made his way across the room, Joe cautioned her to be nice to him. He was Henry Grayson's son, and they might need Grayson's influence some day.

Sally smiled up at the boy when he apologized for breaking into her song.

"Oh, that's all right," she assured him sweetly, and introduced him to the others at the table.

Larry looked over at Dick with a grin of triumph. Presently he and Sally were whirling among the dancers on the floor.

To his happy amazement she even agreed to let him take her home, and Dick faded out of the picture.

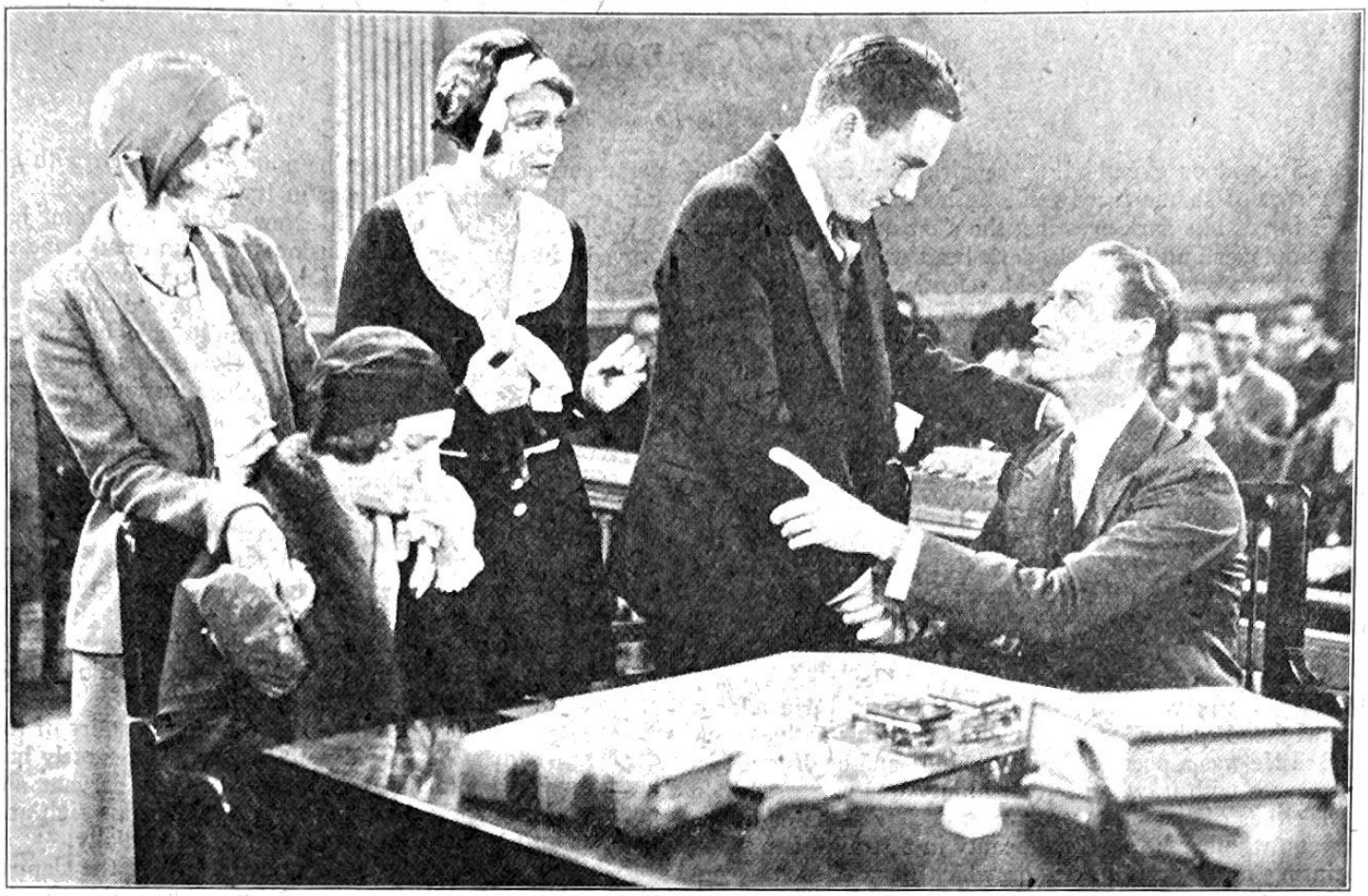
At Sally's apartment there was more wine and alluring Sally sat very close to Larry on a divan. He was sober enough now to watch his step, but he knew he was in love with the little singer and that it was going to last.

DURING the weeks that followed, his generous allowance was all too small to buy the things he wanted to give this charming creature who had a taste for costly gifts. He fell into the way of taking articles from the Grayson Department Store, not crediting them to his account for his father to see but quietly abstracting them from the stock.

One day the manager made a careful check-up of his irregularities and laid it on Mr. Grayson's desk, volunteering the added information that Larry was spending his time and money on Sally of The Skyrocket.

Mr. Grayson listened, then told the manager he would attend to this matter himself. He was deeply stirred.

This is an adaptation of the William Fox screen presentation of the story by John Stone and Bradley King. Leo McCarey directed, with Frank Albertson appearing as Larry Grayson, H. B. Warner as Henry Grayson, Sharon Lynn as Sally, Joyce Compton as Anita, Claire McDowell as Laura Grayson, Mildred Van Dorn as Natalie, Richard Keene as Dick, Frances McCoy as Cora, and Kenneth Thomson as Joe Hardy.



Henry and his son gazed into each other's eyes, a new understanding like a white light between them.

His son a thief for a gangster's girl! While he sat staring at the list of expensive perfumes and lingerie, Larry walked into the room. Quickly Grayson slid the paper beneath others on his desk. He hoped his son had come to confess of his own accord.

It was a vain hope. Larry only wanted more money. He was broke again. Trying to explain that it just seemed to melt away, he seated himself on his father's desk and disarranged the papers. The list of his peculations lay before him.

"I was going to pay for them—really I was," he faltered.

Then it all came out. Grayson told his son that he knew the sort of people with whom he spent his nights —Joe Hardy, a notorious character of gangland, and his mistress, Sally.

The slur on Sally angered Larry, and the scene between father and son ended stormily. Grayson told him that, unless he came home for dinner that night, he could stay away for good, and Larry banged the office door behind him.

THAT evening at dinner, Mrs. Grayson commented upon Larry's absence. He had failed to telephone as usual when he expected to stay away.

"I wouldn't worry, Laura. He'll come home," Grayson assured her, then turned to his daughter, Anita, as she rose from the table with the announcement that she was going to the Beach Club. "You're going to stay home tonight," he told her. "You've had too much freedom, you and Larry."

"Did you and the boy have trouble this afternoon?" Mrs. Grayson asked when they were alone, her mother's instinct divining something unusual.

In a way, she was glad her husband was curbing his indulgence of their son. She knew it was for his own good—and the father did not tell her how serious the situation had become.

Later that evening she sought him in the library.

"Henry, I can't sleep," she told him. "If you will not go to that Skyrocket place to bring Larry home, I will go myself.

Not relishing the visit but anxious to calm his wife's fears, Grayson started for The Skyrocket.

MEANWHILE, at Sally's apartment, Joe Hardy was explaining to her the part she must play in that evening's work. The idea was to rob the manager of the club when he took the cash from the gambling rooms upstairs to the safe, while Sally prolonged her song to keep the crowd in the cabaret. And she was to have Larry at the club to be drawn into the outskirts of the robbery so that suspicion would fall on him. This would insure Grayson's calling off all investigations and the way would be clear for Sally and Joe to go to Europe with a fat roll. This last had a pleasant sound to the girl and she agreed to the plan.

As Joe took his departure, Larry passed him in the hall. But Sally's affectionate welcome disarmed his

(*Continued on page 26*)

Cobra By DORA DAWSON

(Republished by Popular Request)

AS the door closed after the girl, Rod turned with a sort of shame-faced smile on his handsome, swarthy face. His dark eyes met the clear ones of his friend and employer and his sleek, dark head dropped.

Dorning's own face was cold, relentless in expression, a mirror of his impatience with the boy, then suddenly there flashed through his mind the thought that he had no right to judge this other, who in race, breeding and temperament was totally unlike himself. *He* never had to contend with fiery passions that swept him off his feet; he had no Italian ancestors behind him, hot-blooded, beauty-loving, unconventional. *He* was not an Apollo of flesh and blood with a physical magnetism that attracted women like honeysuckle does the bees. *He* was calm, cold, virtuous, because he was never tempted. Perhaps, if beautiful women threw themselves at his head in the same manner that they did at the head of this young nobleman, Roderigo Torriani, he would be weaker than he and probably vicious.

And vicious Rod was not. He was like a sunny-eyed child, glowing with vitality, virility, charm. He adored womanhood as he adored the blue skies of his native country. Life was a poem of beauty to him, and he drugged all his senses with it, whether that beauty was possessed by a girl, either of the same stratum of society as he or of the streets, whether he saw that beauty in a strain of music, a painting or a rare antique, of which he was such a connoisseur.

A FAINT smile wreathed Jack Dorning's rather austere lips as he recalled that day in Naples when he had first made the acquaintance of the young Count, an acquaintance which had ripened into a lasting friendship and later into a partnership between the two.

Dorning had gone to Naples to secure art pieces for his antique and interior decorating firm and had one day been accosted by an irate Italian who was attempting to blackmail Count Torriani because of a fancied wrong to his daughter. The native, for some reason or other, had mistaken the American for the man he was looking for, and Torriani, himself, had come to Dorning's rescue and afterward had laughed heartily at the man's not recognizing him.

A visit to the palace where the young Count lived had revealed to the art dealer some marvelous antiques and an insight into the boy's heritage, forefathers given to intrigues with women, squandering fortunes upon mistresses, so that by the time the palace came into the hands of the last of his race, Torriani found himself debt-ridden, penniless, with no assets but his magnetic good looks and some antiques.

Dorning had realized that Roderigo Torriani's knowledge of the latter was phenomenal and had offered the young Count a position in his employ if he would accompany him to the States, saying whimsically, after witnessing a scene between the Italian and a girl who raved about how much she loved him, that the climate might cool his ardent temperament and he would not be annoyed so much with the fair sex in America as he was in Italy.

So Rod had journeyed to New York with him, had proved of great value in a business way and had honestly tried to escape the meshes of women—and now this girl. Just an ordinary little blackmailer she was and quite satisfied with the thousand dollars Dorning gave her in exchange for the broken heart she had given his friend.

Rod slowly squared his shoulders, then, turning to a large library table near at hand, lifted a bronze cobra fom it.

"Women have the same deadly fascination for me that this cobra has for an animal," he said slowly. "I try, and then——"

"I understand," Dorning answered quietly.

"Jack, a girl and her aunt are coming here to tea this afternoon. I wish you would stay and entertain them and make my excuses for me." Dorning laughed and shook his head. "Her name is Elise Van Zile and she's very pretty. I met her the other night with Mrs. Porter Palmer, her aunt. Be a good fellow and help me out."

Dorning still shook his head and ran up the stairs of the duplex apartment he shared with his friend. Scarcely had he disappeared into his own room when the servant announced Miss Van Zile. Rod gave a lugubrious sigh and then stepped forward to greet his visitor cordially.

She was a tall girl, quite distinctly out of the flapper class, which she did not attempt to imitate either in the style of wearing her hair, which was heavy, lustrous and black, or in her gowns. The dress she wore clung to an almost voluptuous figure, proportioned like a Venus. Her hair, combed sleekly back from a broad, low forehead, was coiled in a thick knot at the column of her slender neck. She had long, green eyes, slightly oblique, which gave her an Oriental look and an almost devilish fascination.

"Why, isn't Auntie here?" she gurgled in a schoolgirlish voice very unlike what one would expect to issue from her blood-red, sensuous lips. "She said she would be here at four o'clock."

"No, she isn't here," Rod answered, seeing through her ruse instantly. He was quite accustomed to having debutantes and older women use any and all methods to be alone with him. "But need that matter?"

She smiled.

"What lovely quarters you have!"

"They aren't mine. They belong to my friend, Jack Dorning."

"But that car you drive so recklessly?"

"Jack's also. He lends it to me occasionally."

A gleam of cupidity shot through the girl's long green eyes and Rod was certain that he had gauged her properly. He was confirmed in that opinion when Dorning strolled into the room and Miss Van Zile turned her back on him and directed all her remarks to Dorning.

"I believe Auntie isn't coming," she said, consulting her watch, "so I must go."

"My car is at the door," Dorning said quickly, "and I'm sure Rod will be delighted to drive you home."

Over her shoulder she cast an impish look at the Italian, then drawled:

"I've seen Count Torriani drive, and he is too reckless for me."

This is a Paramount picture starring the late Rudolph Valentino. Joseph Henabery directed and Anthony Coldewey wrote the scenario from the Broadway stage hit by Martin Brown. Rudolph Valentino appeared as Count Roderigo Torriani, Nita Naldi as Elise Van Zile, Casson Ferguson as Jack Dorning, Gertrude Olmstead as Mary Drake, Claire Dece Lorez as Rosa Linardi, Aileen Percy as Sophia Binner.

Dorning swallowed, looked appealingly at his friend, then volunteered to take her home himself.

ROD knew that Jack was "hard hit" but, accustomed to sudden infatuation himself, he never dreamed that love with the other man was serious until he received a telegram from Dorning a few days later, informing him that he and Elise Van Zile had just been married.

Dorning's secretary, a slender, blonde girl named Mary Drake, who had repelled Rod's advances from the day he had arrived, was in the office at the time he received the message.

Rod had always felt that the girl was fond of Dorning and he hesitated about breaking the news to her, but her quick smile and delight over her employer's happiness dispelled any illusions the Count had on that score. As she moved, he caught her hand.

"Mary, why can't you and I be friends?" he asked earnestly.

"Nothing Mrs. Dorning could have said is any worse than I really am," Rod said wearily.

Elise Van Zile was distinctly out of the flapper class. She had long green eyes, slightly oblique which gave her an Oriental look and an almost devilish fascination.

He scarcely knew, himself, why he so ardently desired this girl's friendship and respect. She was pretty, yes, but other pretty women had meant little to him. Perhaps it was her very avoidance of him that made him determined to win her.

Her blue eyes swept over him with an almost calculating glance.

"I'm afraid you don't understand me, Mr. Torriani," she said, "or you would know what an absolute impossibility friendship between us would be."

But, if the little secretary refused him friendship, his partner's wife did not. At first Rod did not realize that the woman was in love with him, or, as he chose to call it, infatuated with him. He thought her vain, ambitious and soulless and assumed that her vanity was piqued because he did not respond to her advances. Later, when she made no attempt to disguise her true feeling from him, he was horrified and ceased his visits to Dorning's house.

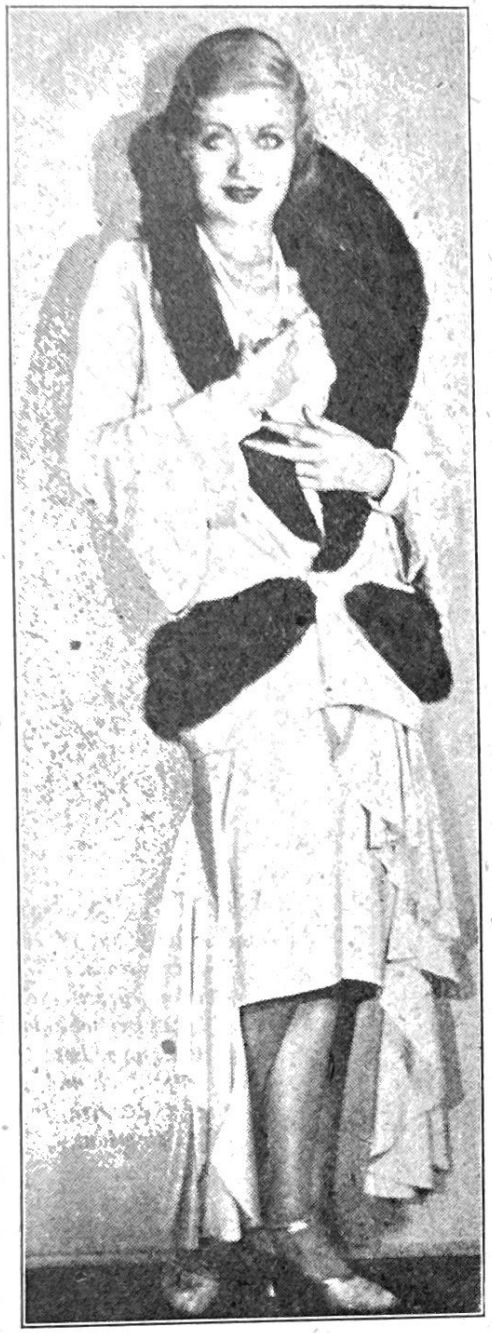
Dorning was too fascinated with her, too whole-heartedly in love to see any of the faults in her shallow, sensual nature and kept Rod on tenterhooks raving about the virtues of the woman he had married.

It was Elise, herself, who called Dorning's attention to the fact that Rod no longer visited their home and wondered if they had done something to offend him. As relentless as a carnal animal in stalking her prey, the woman would not be rebuffed—if Rod would not come to see her, she would go to see him, and consequently she discovered, with her feminine intuition, that the young secretary who denied Rod Torriani her friendship had given him her love. A few chosen hints, some innuendoes, and Elise Dorning planted seeds of distrust in soil all ready to receive them.

The little progress the Italian had made with the girl he now knew he loved was practically destroyed. He realized it as he stepped into the office and found his partner's wife with her. Mary's greeting to him was not only cold, but icy.

"Rod," Dorning said, coming in at a time when the conversation between Rod and Elise threatened to be strained, "Elise has been complaining that you do not visit us any

(*Continued on page 24*)



Constance Bennett, Pathé star, gives much time and thought to clothes and is one of the most smartly gowned women, both on and off the screen. Her lithe grace gives individuality to whatever she wears.

That's That

By RUTH RAND

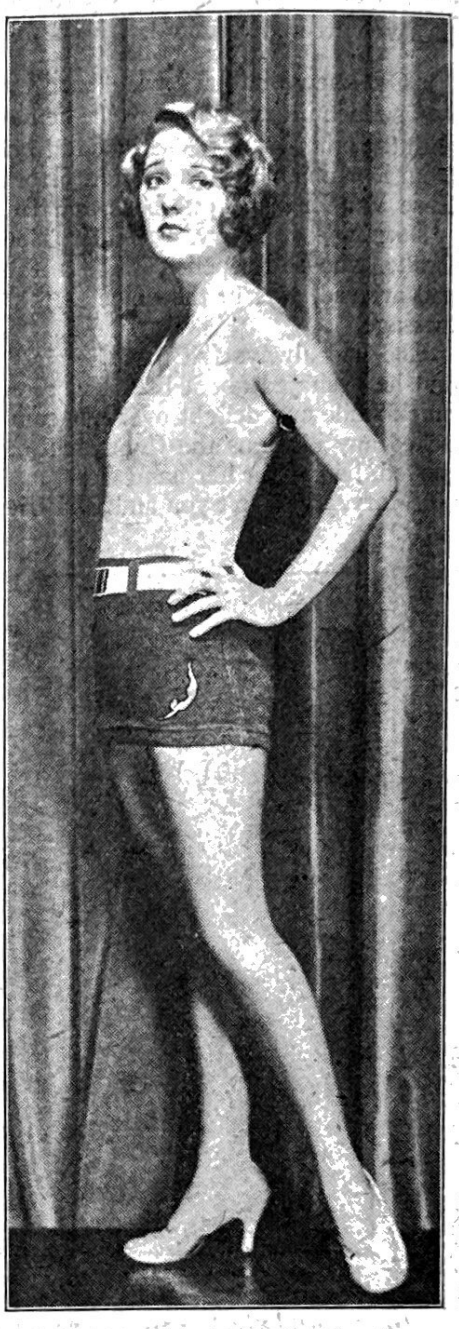
EVERYONE in Hollywood is glad Mary Astor won laurels in "Holiday". Her courage in overcoming her grief for the loss of her husband, Kenneth Hawks, in an airplane accident, has been much commented on, and the brave way she has gone back to work. Possibly the great effort of will it required has given something to her acting. Certainly she has never played so well and she has never looked lovelier. It all proves what a girl with spirit may do when life seems to have given her a knockout blow. Mary is my idea of a thoroughbred.

* * *

THE arrival of Lady Maureen Stanley to be social advisor for Goldwyn productions may have astonishing results, for, if Lady Maureen is to supervise settings as part of her duties, we may see English country houses in a new light. Or will Lady Maureen have a proper regard for Hollywood standards and leave them their luxury? Truth to tell, many English country homes are very shabby. Worn upholstery may cover priceless old furniture, and hard floors sometimes show the wear of generations treading upon them. This is true of old places in famous families. But not of all of them. There is still, for example, the country house of a peer who had silver doorknobs and especially designed toilet silver placed in a suite to be used by Edward VII when, as Prince of Wales, he was a guest there. I fancy Lady Maureen will keep houses such as this in mind when she is arranging sets.

* * *

SAN FRANCISCO'S far-famed Barbary Coast has been more or less neglected by crime pictures which usually have a Chicago or New York setting. But in "The Squealer", on which Columbia Pictures has just started work, we are to see crime in San Francisco. The Barbary Coast is a small section lying half a mile from Market Street in an old quarter of the city. Along Pacific Street, its main avenue, is a long line of dance halls and pool rooms. It was this street that sailors in port named Barbary Coast for the wildest land they had touched in their voyages. This was back in the days when San Francisco was called the "wickedest city in the world". Strange to say the other end of the "Coast" line, known as Pacific Avenue, is the fashionable residence street of the city. Jack Holt and Dorothy Revier play leads in "The Squealer", with Robert Ellis. And Zazu Pitts gives one of her inimitable characterizations.



Dorothy Mackaill, in spite of her fragile beauty, is one of the real outdoor girls of Hollywood. The bathing suit is among the First National star's favorite costumes and it is generally in contrasting shades of blue.

THE vogue for sunburn has had an interesting effect in Hollywood. Since a healthy, even brown is the fashion, all heavy make-up once affected by fair ladies of the films, is "out", at least for the street. And it makes a great difference. Faces that once seemed to possess exotic beauty are now merely pretty but often far more charming in their vivid youth. Make-up does add an effect of sophistication and, with it, five or ten years to a girl's age. Among those who wore the heavy street make-up well was Gloria

Swanson. I saw her often when she was living on Long Island, where she rented the Schenck place at Bayside from Norma and Joe for a season. It was when close-wrapped turbans first came in and Gloria wore one with a Cleopatra tint to her skin, dark rouge, heavy shadows painted about her eyes that seemed exotically long and mysterious in their depths. Stunning, of course, but I like her better in her present simplicity and new youth. Aileen Pringle was a noticeable figure on Fifth Avenue one day with this same Cleopatra make-up and extraordinary eyelashes that may have been her own. Now she's a blonde with only a touch of color in her cheeks. Corinne Griffith, I recall, looking strange but lovely with no make-up at all for street wear. It gave her a girlish charm the others lacked and she looked all of ten years younger than the Cleopatra beauties.

* * *

CAROL DEMPSTER flashed into the news the other day after several years' retirement from the screen and publicity. She came back as heroine of a wreck on Long Island Sound when her husband's yacht, *Sawdust Sally,* named for her favorite role, was burned. Time passes so swiftly in the film world, it seems longer than a very few years ago that the little Griffith star with her fragile beauty was counted the girl of greatest promise on the screen. Then, unexpectedly, she retired, and, like Maude Adams, she made the retirement complete. One heard that she had gone abroad, later that she was married to Edwin S. Larsen of Wall Street and Park Avenue. But of Mrs. Larsen one heard nothing at all. It has been said a happy country has no history. But suddenly, on a hot July evening when the Larsens were entertaining guests on the yacht, there was an explosion and one end of the beautiful $35,000 craft was wrapped in flames. The limelight of publicity found Mrs. Larsen who, with her husband and guests, jumped overboard in their evening clothes and swam for their lives. The skill acquired in Hollywood pools served her well. Happily all were picked up by the yacht's small boat launched by the crew. They were just off Westport, Connecticut, and were taken there to recuperate at the home of friends. Later Mrs. Larsen insisted upon returning to the charred wreck of the *Sally* to look for her jewels. She found them, intact, in what had been her stateroom, so it all ended well except for the loss of the *Sally.*

They seem perfectly happy. Perhaps they have just seen the rushes of their new First National picture, "Adios," in which Richard Barthelmess stars, Marian Nixon is the heroine and Frank Lloyd is responsible for the direction.

* * *

WHILE his recent wife, Jane Winton, was getting a divorce in New York and marrying a Wall Street broker, Mr. Gumbel, Charles Kenyon, playwright, was busily at work in his Beverley Hills home adapting "Ex-Mistress" for the screen. The Kenyon home has long been a rendezvous for the Hollywood intelligentsia and looks as though it will continue to be. Charles is rather a silent chap, but everyone likes him. He has the reputation of doing much to help less fortunate writers along toward a place in the sun, and it's no secret that his influence found good roles for Jane Winton.

ONCE it was a simple matter to pick the best dressed girl in Hollywood. Everyone agreed she was Lilyan Tashman. Very likely Lilyan's slim, svelte figure and a gift for wearing clothes well contributed to the honor but it was unmistakably hers when Pauline Frederick surrendered it. The talkies have changed all this as they have so many other things in the film world. Broadway stars with the sophisticated Park Avenue effect of Kay Francis and the quiet distinction of Ruth Chatterton now rival Lilyan. Ina Claire, too, has the poised New York manner of wearing clothes that yesterday's movie stars in flapper styles never acquired. But yesterday's flappers are the smartly gowned sophisticates of today. The New York invasion has had an interesting sartorial effect, which, in part, may be credited to the new styles. Long skirts that swing easily in width at the bottom have a grace and rhythm that flapper styles lost completely; and in them no girl can be effectively "cut". The flappers grew up. Among the best dressed stars of today is Norma Shearer who has acquired a reputation for good taste. She wears only sports clothes during the day, but lovely evening gowns at night, and her evening wraps are many and beautiful. Gloria Swanson likes sports costumes for day wear, but at night flashes forth in something striking or bizarre. She affects the long, elaborate earrings she wears

(*Continued on page* 20)

The Florodora Girl

By NORMAN BEACH

Daisy Dell was romantically rescued from the briny deep by Jack Vibart of the Four Hundred.

"SOMETHING ought to be done about the traffic situation," Commodore Caraway muttered as he waited with Mrs. Caraway and their daughter, Constance, for the arrival of their open victoria in front of the Casino Theatre. "Florodora," the hit of 1900, was playing there and the irascible Commodore had to stand until two hansom cabs, a four-wheeler and a landau got out of the way before his own coachman could drive up to the theatre entrance. As they settled themselves in the carriage, the Commodore beamed and remarked, "Charming little play!"

Mrs. Caraway cast a sour look at her helpmeet's glossy top hat and luxurious whiskers before replying: "Those girls in the sextette showed altogether too much of their ankles."

Luckily for the management of the Casino Theatre, Mrs. Caraway's disapproval of ankles was not shared by the other playgoers of 1900. Little old New York was enthusiastic about "Florodora" and three-fourths of the town's enthusiasm was reserved for the ankles, figures, faces, eyes and other charms of the Florodora Sextette.

Even as the Caraways drove home along gas-lit Broadway, four young bloods of the town, very gallant in their evening capes and shining top hats, came out of the theatre and grouped themselves in front of a frame containing photographs of the Florodora Sextette. De Boer, a middle-aged fellow, a walking volume of questionable stories, was just finishing one of his choice tales:

"And so the girl said to the traveling man, 'I'm the baby.'"

"Ha—ha!" his companion, Mr. Hemingway, shouted with mirth. His strange laugh, resembling in its more pleasing aspects the braying of a zebra, sent cold chills down De Boer's spine.

"For heaven's sake, don't do that," he pleaded.

The two others in the party, Lord Rumblesham, better known to his associates as Rummy, a gay, careless young Englishman who was not quite so stupid as others thought him to be, and Jack Vibart, a handsome young fellow, whose good family connections and general charm took the curse off his idleness, strolled up

This is an adaptation of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer screen presentation of the story and scenario by Gene Markey. Harry Beaumont directed, with Marion Davies appearing as Daisy, Lawrence Gray as Jack, Walter Catlet as DeBoer, Louis John Bartels as Hemingway, Ilka Chase as Fanny, Vivian Oakland as Maude, Jed Prouty as Old Man Dell, Claude Allister as Rumblesham, Sam Hardy as Fontaine, Nance O'Neil as Mrs. Vibart, Robert Bolder as the Commodore, Jane Keithly as Constance, Maude Turner Gordon as Mrs. Caraway, George Chandler as Georgie Smith, and Anita Louise and Mary Jane Irving as the Vibart children.

The Florodora Girl

By NORMAN BEACH

Daisy Dell was romantically rescued from the briny deep by Jack Vibart of the Four Hundred.

"SOMETHING ought to be done about the traffic situation," Commodore Caraway muttered as he waited with Mrs. Caraway and their daughter, Constance, for the arrival of their open victoria in front of the Casino Theatre. "Florodora," the hit of 1900, was playing there and the irascible Commodore had to stand until two hansom cabs, a four-wheeler and a landau got out of the way before his own coachman could drive up to the theatre entrance. As they settled themselves in the carriage, the Commodore beamed and remarked, "Charming little play!"

Mrs. Caraway cast a sour look at her helpmeet's glossy top hat and luxurious whiskers before replying: "Those girls in the sextette showed altogether too much of their ankles."

Luckily for the management of the Casino Theatre, Mrs. Caraway's disapproval of ankles was not shared by the other playgoers of 1900. Little old New York enthusiastic about "Florodora" and three-fourths of the town's enthusiasm was reserved for the ankles, figures, faces, eyes and other charms of the Florodora Sextette.

Even as the Caraways drove home along gas-lit Broadway, four young bloods of the town, very gallant in their evening capes and shining top hats, came out of the theatre and grouped themselves in front of a frame containing photographs of the Florodora Sextette. De Boer, a middle-aged fellow, a walking volume of questionable stories, was just finishing one of his choice tales:

"And so the girl said to the traveling man, 'I'm the baby.'"

"Ha—ha!" his companion, Mr. Hemingway, shouted with mirth. His strange laugh, resembling in its more pleasing aspects the braying of a zebra, sent cold chills down De Boer's spine.

"For heaven's sake, don't do that," he pleaded.

The two others in the party, Lord Rumblesham, better known to his associates as Rummy, a gay, careless young Englishman who was not quite so stupid as others thought him to be, and Jack Vibart, a handsome young fellow, whose good family connections and general charm took the curse off his idleness, strolled up

This is an adaptation of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer screen presentation of the story and scenario by Gene Markey. Harry Beaumont directed, with Marion Davies appearing as Daisy, Lawrence Gray as Jack, Walter Catlet as DeBoer, Louis John Bartels as Hemingway, Ilka Chase as Fanny, Vivian Oakland as Maude, Jed Prouty as Old Man Dell, Claude Allister as Rumblesham, Sam Hardy as Fontaine, Nance O'Neil as Mrs. Vibart, Robert Bolder as the Commodore, Jane Keithly as Constance, Maude Turner Gordon as Mrs. Caraway, George Chandler as Georgie Smith, and Anita Louise and Mary Jane Irving as the Vibart children.

at that moment and looked at the pictures over De Boer's and Hemingway's shoulders.

"I say, did you ever see such pretty ones?" Rummy exclaimed, his eyes popping as he looked at the pictured beauties.

"And they all married rich men," Jack Vibart put in.

"All but one," De Boer explained. "Daisy Dell was in the original sextette. Since then, there have been eighteen girls in the sextette and they've all made good marriages and left the stage. But she's still there. That's she—that pretty one," he concluded, pointing her out in the group picture, "is Daisy Dell."

"She's a pippin," Hemingway enthused. "Do you know her, Jack?"

"No," young Vibart answered, "but I'm going to."

"Hemingway and I are going backstage now to a party the company is giving for one of the sextette girls who's getting married. Come along and we'll introduce you to Daisy," De Boer said.

"No, thanks. I'll meet her—but I have my own technique."

IN the sextette's dressing-room, Fannie, a big, tough chorus girl, and Maude, her running mate, were giving Daisy some advice on how to get married. Daisy had complained:

"I haven't got even prospects. All I've got is Georgie Smith—and he works in a cigar store. Say, who's Jack Vibart?"

"He's a bad boy! He eats little girls like you!" Fanny explained.

"Listen, kid," Maude asked, "don't you want to land a rich husband?"

"Well, I wouldn't marry a man just for money."

"Can you think of a better reason?"

"The important thing is," Fanny put in, "that you're in the sextette. Every rich man in town wants to meet us."

"Well, I've met some rich men," Daisy protested.

"But you always do the wrong thing! The first time they ask you to dinner—you accept!"

"A girl has to eat!"

"If you played the game, Daisy, you'd be just as successful as Fanny and I. Follow our advice and you'll be wearing diamonds as big as goose eggs in a week."

"All right, I'll follow your advice," Daisy agreed.

"Be difficult, dearie—be difficult," Fanny said, laying down the law.

Half an hour later, when the stage manager brought Daisy a big box of flowers with Jack Vibart's card enclosed, Daisy forgot all about "being difficult". She would have asked him to come and join their party immediately, but Maude and Fanny prevented her.

"Be difficult, dearie, be difficult," they cautioned.

And so Daisy walked home that night to Avenue A, where she lived with her father, while her friends drove to their swanky apartments in carriages.

THE next day, there being no matinee, the Florodora Sextette and its numerous admirers went to Coney Island for a picnic.

Daisy, unattended by a beau, decided to swim out beyond the breakers and soon found herself in difficulties. She tried to swim back, but the undertow was too much for her. She was about to scream for help when a man's sleek head bobbed out of the water beside her

"How could you say such a thing to me?"

and a handsome young chap took her arm and began to tow her ashore. When their feet touched the bottom again, her rescuer turned to Daisy.

"We haven't been introduced as yet, but I know who you are. May I introduce myself?" The girl nodded her head. "Jack Vibart is my name."

Daisy forgot all about being difficult during the rest of the picnic. She found Jack a delightful companion and before evening she was in love with him. They rode back to New York together on a bicycle built for two.

Jack, although he, too, found Daisy a charming companion, had other thoughts in his mind than those of marriage. Chorus girls were not exactly the type that fitted well into the Vibart household in a wifely capacity. Before parting at the theatre door, they made an appointment to meet again on the following day.

Maude and Fanny, however, had something to say about this. It was not their idea of being difficult. They made Daisy, despite her protests, send a letter to Jack that night begging him to excuse her from the engagement, pleading a previous one.

IT was not until a week later that Daisy saw Jack again. He had invited the entire sextette to be his guests at the Columbia-Yale football game on old South Field. He was going to drive them there in his coach and four, he told Fanny, and asked her to be particularly sure to relay his invitation to Daisy. Fanny, knowing how glad Daisy would be to accept, decided that it was more in keeping with the "difficult" role if she didn't come to the party and insured this by not telling Daisy anything about Jack's invitation.

Daisy went with her friend, Georgie Smith, on a two-

Jack lifted Daisy from her place in the sextette and carried her out to the waiting sleigh.

wheeled bike. They found a place for themselves alongside Jack's coach and Daisy was very angry to think that she had not been invited. Jack only laughed as he watched her obvious effort to make him jealous by paying a great deal of attention to George, an insignificant little fellow.

However, this situation was not to last long. Bill Fontaine, known to the habitués of Broadway as a crooked gambler, noticed Daisy with Georgie Smith and, having a slight acquaintance with the little cigar clerk, he went up to him and asked for an introduction. Georgie was flattered by this attention. He readily introduced Fontaine to Daisy and then only too readily accepted one drink and then another from the gambler's flask. In no time at all, little Georgie was very, very drunk.

Fontaine had a deep-dyed purpose in making the little cigar store clerk intoxicated. He liked Daisy and he wanted her for himself. Soon Georgie, with a fine little bun on, wandered off into the crowd, leaving the two alone.

"Why don't you drive home with me?" Fontaine suggested.

"Oh, I don't know you well enough," Daisy answered, in mock fright. At the same time she looked over in Jack's direction to see if he was looking.

"Now, little girl, why can't we be friends?" Fontaine said, putting his hand on Daisy's arm.

Shrinking away in simulated terror, Daisy answered: "You, with your fine city ways, and me a poor working girl."

Fontaine laughed softly and caressed his mustache, thinking he had made an impression.

"Your beau is lost in the crowd. You had better come with me."

"You're not going to kidnap me," Daisy said, casting a glance at Jack out of the corner of her eye.

"Don't be afraid, little girl," Fontaine answered, trying to draw her along with him.

Jack, believing that Daisy was really afraid of the gambler, jumped down from the top of the coach and walked briskly up to them.

"Oh, it's you! What a surprise!" Daisy greeted him.

"I came over to get you," Jack announced. "You're driving home with my party."

"See here, Vibart, you can't do this to me," Fontaine protested.

"Mr. Vibart, if you please," the other suggested calmly.

"I've a mind to give you a thrashing," Fontaine threatened.

"I think you'll change your mind," Jack answered as he led Daisy away.

On the road back to New York, with the horses going along at a spanking gait, Jack and Daisy had an understanding.

"Aren't you going to talk to me?" Daisy asked as she saw how stern Jack was looking.

"What became of your—beau?" Jack countered.

"Georgie? Oh, he was taken seriously intoxicated. The boys always call him 'One-drink Smith'."

"Evidently you preferred to come with him today."

"Why—I didn't know you wanted me," Daisy returned in surprise.

"I asked Maude and Fanny to invite you."

(*Continued on page 27*)

Lives of the Great

By HOWARD CURTIS

NORMA SHEARER came from Canada to win fame in Hollywood. Born in Montreal of a socially prominent family, she attended convent school until her seventeenth year when financial reverses left her father in straitened circumstances. Determined to help out in this emergency, Norma obtained a position in a Montreal bank. But the work was tiresome and disappointing.

A longing for the screen that had been engendered, perhaps, by a theatrical aunt and uncle who visited the Shearers each summer now made itself apparent. After much debate, the future Hollywood star persuaded her mother and sister to accompany her to New York, that the two girls might try their fortune in the numerous movie studios there.

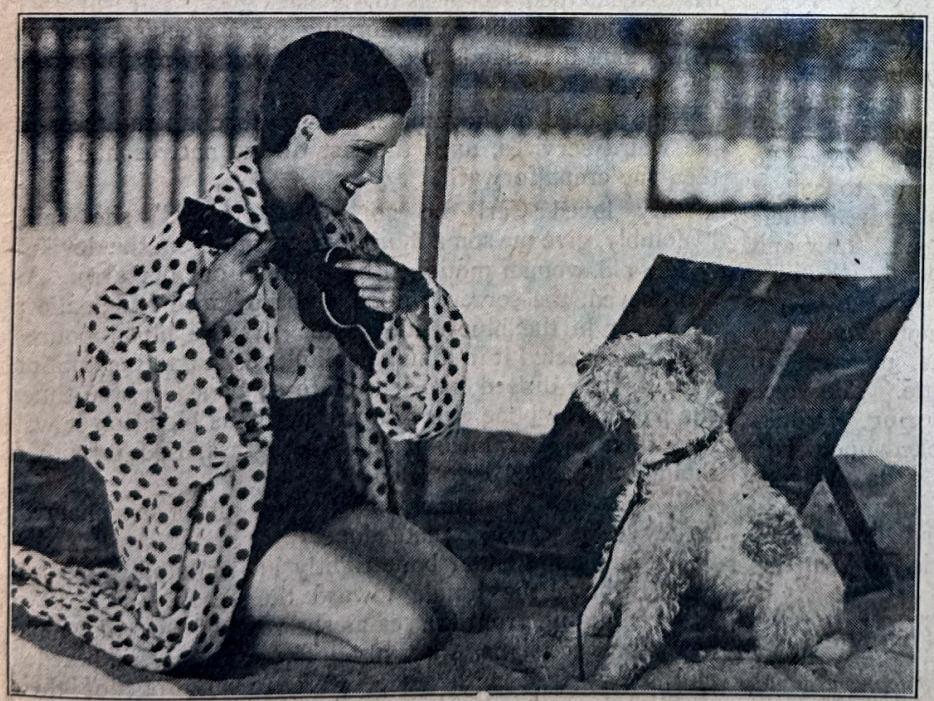
The Shearers took a small, dingy apartment on the West Side, buying dinners and luncheons at a neighborhood delicatessen and striving to economize as much as possible. The two girls visited the studios time after time but it was almost four weeks before Norma received her first chance as an extra. Several hundred candidates applied for twelve available parts. Eleven had been chosen. The director hesitated. Norma coughed—no result. She stretched her arms over her head and shuffled her feet. The director was attracted by the movement and gave the would-be actress her first chance before a camera.

Norma's marriage to Irving Thalberg, production manager for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, marked the culmination of a romance that began soon after the young film aspirant from Canada arrived in Hollywood.

After working as extra and getting small "bits" in various pictures, Norma and her sister found that they were earnng less than enough to cover the year's expenses in New York. Finally they went back to Montreal. Then, unexpectedly, came word that Norma had a chance for a fairly good part if she returned immediately. After finishing work in this film, she was introduced by a friend to Louis B. Mayer, then visiting New York. He was impressed by the Canadian girl's personality and photographic possibilities, had a screen test made and offered her an opportunity to go to the Coast. She sent for her mother and two weeks later was in California.

Following small parts in two films, Norma was given a leading role in "The Snob" with John Gildbert. Studio executives became enthusiastic about her and advancement was rapid. It was not long before she became a full-fledged Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star. Her outstanding vehicles include "Excuse Me," Lady of the Night,"

(*Continued on page 23*)



The talkies discovered in Norma Shearer one of the most pleasing voices in filmdom —but Mr. Bow Wow could have told the world all about it long before the silent screen became noisy.

THE SEA BAT

By VAL LEWTON

"What you got there? A heathen charm, eh? For me?

TO the eyes of a high-flying sea-gull, the little island of San Fillipo might seem to be an emerald of lush green, set in an amethyst and sapphire sea, but a closer inspection would disclose the place to be one of the pest holes of the Tropics. On the map the island is not given even the courtesy of a dot. The mariner who seeks it in the West Indies must grope for it in a tangle of other islands. Only one steamer every three months bothers to put in at San Fillipo and this one comes only to collect the sponges that the few white inhabitants make it their business to rake up from the depths of the sea. Law and order have never been known on the island. Antone, governor at the opening of this story, believed in the blessedness of sleep and, when he could not induce this pleasant state by more inexpensive means, managed to attain it by the liberal use of the wine bottle. The voice of authority was lost in its ruler's vibrant snoring. Drunkenness, thievery and even murder were looked upon with a mild eye and human sacrifices to voodoo gods and goddesses went unpunished. Indeed, Antone knew that old Wombly, with her gray hair blowing in the light of the sacrificial fire, had more authority on the island than he, its governor.

This is an adaptation of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer screen presentation of the story by Dorothy Yost. Bess Meredyth and John Howard Lawson wrote the scenario and Wesley Ruggles directed, with Raquel Torres appearing as Nina, Charles Bickford as Reverend Sims, Nils Asther as Carl, George F. Marion as Antone, John Miljan as Juan, Boris Karloff as the Corsican, Gibson Gowland as Limey, Edmund Breese as Maddocks, Mathilde Comont as Mimba and Mack Swain as Dutchy.

A traveler once remarked of San Fillipo:

"Its flowers have no odor, its birds no song, its women no beauty, and its men no honor."

But the traveler had never seen Nina, Antone's daughter, a beautiful wild creature with dusky hair and dark eyes that sparkled merrily or flashed angrily as the occasion demanded. Brought up almost like a native, Nina wore the native woman's dress, scanty but picturesque. It set off her slim figure and velvety skin. In the silken strands of her hair were always woven vividly beautiful tropical flowers and her lips were redder than the petals of flaming poppies.

Nina had one passion in life, the tall, handsome, virile lad, Carl, mate of the sponge schooner. He was her world. When the schooner went out to sea, she climbed a cliff and sat straining her eyes for the last glimpse of the sails and, when it returned, she was the first on the island to spy the tiny white speck in the distance. Her love of him had bred in her a fear of the water that surrounded her island home. Too well she knew the dangers that lurked and brooded in the depths of that seemingly placid surface. Too often had she seen the sponge steamer return to port with the black flag flying from the masthead, proclaiming that another diver's life had been sacrificed to the sea. She feared for Carl and in her fear sought the only form of spiritual consolation that existed on the island since the death of the missionary—old Wombly with her charms, her chants and her ever-burning fire on the laps of Mama-Loi and Papa-Loi.

STEALING from her father's house in the darkness one night, Nina made her way along the forest path to where Wombly held forth in the midst of the jungle, guided by the chanting of the natives who had gone before her to make their sacrifices to the black gods. The schooner was putting out the next morning for a week's sponging trip among the islands and Wombly was trying to placate the sea devils.

Nina waited in the jungle, peering through the trees at the weird services, until the last of the natives had left, then she crept forward.

"My loved Carl, he go to sea today," she said. "Wombly, give me some thing to save him from the devils."

The old woman motioned her to hold out her arm. As she obeyed, the sorceress took a sharp knife and made a small slit in the blue-veined skin. As the blood poured out, she collected it in a human skull, recited an incantation over it, then dipped into it a piece of bone. Three times she passed the bone over the fire until the blood on it was dry, then she wrapped it in sweet grass, tied it with a thong and handed it to Nina.

"Devils no like the blood of good girl," she chanted. "They leave schooner mate alone."

Clutching the bit of bone tightly in her hand, Nina ran back through the jungle toward the beach. The dawn was coming up from the sea as she reached the village and all about were signs of activity. The white divers, bearded and bleary-eyed with sleep, were turning out of their shacks as the girl hurried by. One of them, a handsome young Spaniard named Juan, whose eyes had often been fastened on her with lustful looks, swaggered across the path and seized her arm.

"What you got there?" he demanded, forcing her hand open. "A heathen charm, eh? For me?"

Nina wrenched herself free and began to run from him, but he caught her again and tried to take the charm from her. She brought her body close to his in a tantalizing way, then, as he relaxed his grip, she slapped him sharply across the face and ran off with the charm safe in her hand.

"You little devil!" he shouted after her.

Near the drying sheds, Nina came upon Carl, supervising the last details before the schooner's departure.

"Here is a charm to keep you from harm," she said tenderly, holding out the blood-stained bone. "Nothing can hurt you if you wear this."

Carl examined the bone, then exclaimed incredulously: "This thing?"

"Plees take it," the girl pleaded. "It will bring you back safely to me."

"I'll take care, Nina," he assured her. "There really is no danger."

"Always I theenk of you fighting devils down there." She shuddered as she pointed to the sea. "Always I see you battling with the big bat wit eets waving devil horns."

"No fear, Nina," Carl again assured her, holding out the crucifix that was bound to his arm. "This is worth twenty of those." He indicated the bone in his hand. "You should give up all those foolish, heathenish things just the way the minister told us. I will throw this voodoo charm away."

The little bone sailed over the blue water in an arc, finally falling with a little splash, and the waves closed over it. From the deck of the schooner, Juan watched the two in their farewell embrace and an evil smile played about his mouth.

THE sponge schooner, her sails furled, rocked gently on the ground swell. Lazy waves washed idly against the unpainted sides of the craft, but, aboard, the vessel was a scene of bustling activity. Two divers were down and the deck crews were at work pumping air to them. Every once in a while the signal was given to pull up the baskets full of sponges. These sponges were then taken from the baskets by the native hands, sorted and packed away in the hold.

The time limit of the two divers underwater was almost up and Carl and Juan were getting themselves ready to go down. They had put on their heavy rubber suits and leaden shoes and were now greasing their hands while their helpers were getting their helmets ready.

Captain Maddocks, the wizened skipper of the sponger, spat in disgust at a basket that had just been brought to the surface and remarked:

"Look at this mess of tripe that they call sponges."

"That fifty-foot bed," Carl explained, "is about worked out. The good sponges are a hundred feet down off the deep end."

"Well, I'll go down there," Juan said boastfully. "I don't know about him." He waggled his thumb derisively in Carl's direction. "Mebbe Nina's made him think his hide is valuable."

Carl flushed with anger and stepped toward Juan, his fists clenched.

"Listen," he shouted, "I don't take nothin' from you."

Maddocks sprang between the two men, holding them apart.

"Hey, you fat-brained mugs," he cautioned, "lay off'n that Nina stuff! Get down there and get to work."

"You should give up all those foolish, heathenish things just the way the minister told us."

Grumbling, the two divers separated and began slowly to don their helmets. Juan cast Carl a glance of hate through the glass face piece.

Akar, the native assistant who helped Carl, a well-muscled and yet gentle fellow, unspoiled by the white men, warned the young man.

"You look out for Juan, Carl. Akar see that he got evil eye."

"I saw that a long time ago," Carl said, laughing carelessly.

"Be careful—for Nina, Carl," Akar repeated.

"You love Nina, don't you, Akar?" Carl asked, looking with affection upon the handsome brown boy who was so devoted to him and to Nina.

"I love her," Akar answered simply. "I want you and her to be mos' happy people in world."

"You got your wish, Akar," Carl said joyously as he slipped the last piece of his helmet into position and began to let himself down into the water.

Slowly the line went through Akar's hands until it registered one hundred feet. That was a long way down for a diver and he looked apprehensively at the men who were working the pumps to be sure that a regular supply of air was going down to Carl.

AT the hundred-foot level, Carl's feet touched bottom. He looked about him. In the weird light of the submarine regions he could see dozens of large sponges and he began slowly to pick them, cutting them loose with his trident and putting them into the weighted basket that had come down with him.

Out of the corner of his eye he watched Juan descend and land on a little ledge above his head. Carl had to bend to pick up a large sponge. To steady himself, he placed his hand on the ledge where Juan was standing Deliberately the Spaniard stepped heavily on his bare hand. Carl cursed him and moved off, determined to make him pay for this when they got to the surface again.

Just then a sharp signal came to him along the signal cord: "Come up! Come up!"

Slowly he felt himself rising as the men above hauled on the ropes. He wondered what had caused them to give this signal. Then above him the green light was suddenly shadowed by a huge bulk. He looked up. A sea bat, with huge flapping wings with which it propelled itself through the water and crushed its prey, was bearing down, its wicked horns pointed straight at him. Carl swung sidewise and avoided the fish. It then directed its attack upon Juan. He was helpless to avoid it. Carl drew his knife. He was directly above the huge monster and, if he gave the signal to lower away, he would drop on its back and could stab it, diverting its attack from Juan. He pulled the cord three times and, as he descended on the back of the bat, stabbed it again and again. The fish turned away from Juan and started to attack Carl. Juan pulled his signal cord and was hauled out of danger. Seeing him safe, Carl, too, started to signal, but Juan, with an evil leer on his face, stuck his trident through Carl's cord, cutting it so he could not give his signal to be hauled up.

The devil fish took Carl into its deadly embrace. The little crucifix he wore on his arm was crushed into the flesh by the terrible pressure of the devil fish's wings. Fifteen minutes later, Juan, with a smile of triumph on his face, watched them bring the boy's crushed and lifeless body to the surface.

"Damn that sea bat!" Maddocks swore, his hand tightening upon a harpoon which he had seized.

Scarcely had he uttered the oath when the sea bat broke water, sending the spray flying in a thousand directions as its broad back cleaved upward through the waves. Without any other thought than revenge, Maddocks launched his harpoon at the monster. It stuck fast in the sea bat's back.

"Look out—he's sounding!" one of the men shouted in warning.

The sea bat started to go down and the schooner staggered as it took the full weight of the fish which Maddocks had secured.

"Cut the line," he ordered. One of the men struck the straining line with his knife and it burst in half, releasing the fish. The schooner rocked as the line parted. "He'd a taken us right down with him," Maddocks grumbled, "if we hadn't cut that line."

A DAY later a shout arose at San Fillipo. One of the natives had sighted the schooner and the black flag at its masthead. A wail arose from the women and they began to troop to the rickety pier, each one fearful that it might be her man who had been killed.

Nina ran down with the rest, her little face white with terror. She fought her way through the crowd until she stood beside the gang plank. Maddocks and three of his white divers were carrying a bundle wrapped in sail cloth. She looked about the decks for Carl. He was not to be seen.

"Let me through! Let me through!" she shouted, pushing her way in the crowd to where the four men were carrying the corpse. "Is it Carl?" she asked Maddocks, then waited breathlessly for his answer. Maddocks nodded his head and turned away. Nina flung herself upon the body of her dear one, tearing away the tarpaulin cover. "Carl, Carl," she begged, "open your eyes. It's Nina, Carl. Carl!" She looked at the faces of the men about her. They were stern, grim, determined not to let even such a tragedy get under their thick skins. Only Akar had tears in his eyes. "Is he dead?" Nina asked him.

"I weesh I could," Akar said brokenly, "I weesh I could lie there instead of 'im, Nina, so you would not cry."

Nina burst into a storm of weeping.

"Pick him up again, boys," Maddocks ordered. "Let's get him away from here."

As they lifted the body again, Nina saw Carl's arm fall out from the tarpaulin, the crucifix imbedded in the flesh. As she looked at it, it dropped off and fell onto the sand. Snatching it up, she threw it as far as she could into the sea.

"Liar!" she shouted after it. "You cheat my Carl! You tell him he is safe! Liar!" A rumble of thunder rocked the island. Nina shook her hands at the heavens. "I am not afraid of You," she screamed into the face of the high wind that had arisen. "I don't believe in You. I hate You."

She laughed madly as the storm broke.

FOR a week Nina wandered about the island, mad with grief. Then one day as she stood on the edge of a cliff overlooking the sea, her eyes tear-filled, Juan came up to her.

"Nina," he said hoarsely, a note of low passion in his voice.

Looking at him, the girl was swept by a surge of loathing and she viciously kicked his ankle.

"Canastos!" he cursed, grabbing her and pulling her up against him. "You crazee leetle fool! How long you go on moonin' about a stiff? I tink mebbe he stay dead for a long time—huh!" She made no answer. "I'll crush that foolishness out of you," he went on, drawing her closer to him.

Nina took the knife from his belt and put the point against his breast, pushing hard. Juan fell back, blood trickling from his shirt, but she followed him, keeping the knife point at his breast.

"Had enough? You want more?" she asked. From behind them came the mocking laughter of two other divers, a Corsican and a Greek. "You try now," Nina cried, whirling to face them. "Mebbe you wanna be next?" They

(Continued on page 24)

Consult Mystic Myra

She Sees All, Hears All, Knows All—And, If She Doesn't, She'll Find Out

When even stuffed dogs thrill to the song, it must be some song. The singer is Dorothy Granger, one of the cast of the Hal Roach "Boy Friend" series.

L. G., Akron, Ohio: Yes, Edmund Lowe and Lilyan Tashman are still happily married. Both are kept busy in films—not to suggest that this is a reason for domestic felicity. Lilyan's next appearances will be in "The Cat Creeps" for Universal and "Lilli" for United Artists.

Rose, Topeka, Kan.: You ask if Edna Ferber's novel, "Cimaron," has been considered for pictures. It has, and is to be made in Hollywood with Richard Dix, Estelle Taylor and Edna May Oliver, well-known comedienne of the stage, who has appeared in several silent films.

Sports Lover: The tennis stars of Hollywood are Patsy Ruth Miller, who is Mrs. Tay Garnett, Norma Shearer (Mrs. Irving Thalberg), Marion Davies and Jack Gilbert. I hasten to add that the list is incomplete, but these have long been known as expert players.

E. R., Poughkeepsie: Amos 'n' Andy are now in Hollywood and will soon be seen on the screen. Irene Rich and Sue Carol are to appear in their first picture, "Check and Double-Check."

T. F., Brooklyn: You are right. It has been officially stated that Mary Pickford will make "Secrets" over again, after having scrapped her first attempt shortly before it was finished. Yes, it is the same story in which Norma Talmadge appeared on the silent screen a few years ago.

T. L., West 190th Street, N. Y.: Lawrence Gray is a San Francisco boy, son of wealthy parents. He has been seen in good roles recently and plays a leading part in Marilyn Miller's "Sunny", scheduled for completion this month.

Louise R.: Myrna Loy has not left talkies. Her voice is light but attractive, but her unusual personality has brought her roles in several recent pictures. She is now playing in "Renegades", a story of the Foreign Legion which Victor Fleming is directing for Fox. Warner Baxter and Noah Beery are in the cast.

Toledo Girl: Chester Morris is married and the father of a small daughter. So is John Mack Brown. Ralph Forbes, Richard Barthelmess, Neil Hamilton, Warner Baxter, Edmund Lowe, Jack Gilbert, all are married. But there are still a few bachelors, Richard Dix, Ramon Novarro and Charles Farrell, for example.

F. L., New York City: Maureen O'Sullivan, whom you liked in John McCormack's "Song of My Heart", is from Dublin, the daughter of an Army officer. She is to appear in "Just Imagine" with Frank Albertson, and it should be worth going far to see.

G. L., Brooklyn: Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks have been at Santa Monica during part of the summer, but Pickfair is not closed. Santa Monica is within easy driving distance of Beverley Hills.

Prince of Diamonds

By JEAN PENNINGTON

"Now I have you at my mercy. I have phoned Scotland Yard and the detectives will be here any moment, for you are still a fugitive from justice, still wanted for the theft of my diamond."

(Rupert Endon, having been framed by Adrian Marley and Gilbert Crayle, whose former fiancée, Eve Marley, sister of Adrian, had become engaged to young Endon upon his return from the War, escaped from England to avoid prosecution for the theft of Crayle's Rajah Diamond which had been planted on him by Adrian, who was anxious to reap the financial benefits of his sister's alliance with the Crayle millions. At first Rupert had intended to stay and fight the accusation but, when Eve broke her engagement to him, not revealing the fact that she was doing so because Crayle had promised to drop the charge against him if she would marry him, he lost all faith in her love and decided to live with but one aim, to pay her back for deserting him at the first sign of trouble. Eve, believing that her fiancé had been killed during his attempt to escape, became the bride of Gilbert Crayle who threatened to blacken the name of her sweetheart if she did not carry out her part of the bargain. But, though they were husband and wife before the world, they were strangers in their own home during the five years that young Rupert spent in the Orient as a soldier of fortune. During his travels, he met a wealthy Oriental by the name of Li Fang who promised him half of the wealth of a lost diamond mine if he could locate it. Rupert, known to his new associates as Captain Ruin, undertook the dangerous mission into the land of the Poison People who killed all newcomers with poisoned darts, ignorant of the fact that Li Fang had ordered his henchmen, five desperate characters, to kill the captain as soon as he had located the mine. Rupert's life was saved by Lolah, Li Fang's sweetheart, who had fallen in love with the young Englishman and upon overhearing the plot had stowed away in the boat which was to take the party into the jungle in search of the lost mine. One by one Lolah killed the five henchmen, leaving the wealth of the mine in Rupert's hands. Together they returned to England where Rupert posed as an Oriental prince of immense wealth and flooded the market with his diamonds, thus threatening the financial ruin of Gilbert Crayle. Then, when the latter was on the eve of bankruptcy, the man he had wronged phoned him, hinting that he would help him out of his trouble, and Crayle and Adrian awaited his coming in the old castle which had been the property of Endon's family for generations and had come into Crayle's hands owing to misfortunes sustained by Rupert during the War.)

BOTH men turned as a tall, straight figure, the face, bronzed by the sun, topped by an Oriental turban, entered the room and acknowledged their greeting with a bow that was tinged with the precision of army training. Behind him stood a girl, exotically beautiful, combining in her costume the smartness of Paris with the peculiar lure of the Orient. She remained at a respectful distance and, at a nod from the Prince, glided softly from the room out to the balcony beyond. After the exchange of the ordinary pleasantries, Adrian, in accordance with their plans, excused himself, leaving the two alone for the business discussion. The Prince took his place beside Crayle's desk in such a way that the light from the lamp shone directly upon the latter's face but left his own in a peculiar shadow. Nervously Crayle began the conversation.

"When your telephone call came today, I was delighted. You see—I have had some temporary reverses—

This is an adaptation of Columbia Pictures' screen presentation produced by Harry Cohn. Gene Markey wrote the story, Paul Hervey Fox the adaptation and dialogue and Karl Brown and A. H. Van Buren directed, with Aileen Pringle appearing as Eve Marley, Ian Keith as Rupert Endon, Fritzi Ridgeway as Lolah, Tyrrell Davis as Lord Adrian, Claude King as Gilbert Crayle, Tom Ricketts as William, E. Alyn Warren as Li Fang, Gilbert Emery as Smith and Frederick Sullivan as Ormsley Hatchett.

nothing of much importance—but, to be frank, I am in a little difficulty, so, naturally, when you suggested that you might be able to—you might—you could possibly—" He paused, but the Prince did not come to his rescue. "Am I to understand that Your Highness is willing to restore my credit?"

The Prince leisurely watched the smoke curl from his cigarette while Crayle fidgeted and became more and more nervous as the clock in the massive room ticked out the seconds with maddening regularity.

"Certainly," he said finally, "for a consideration."

"But what have I to offer you in return?" Crayle asked, his face paling with apprehension.

"Just this," his visitor returned. "I want you to leave the castle immediately and stay away for the rest of the night. Everything else is to go on as usual—and your wife is to stay here."

Crayle's eyes narrowed craftily and he started to protest against such an arrangement but quietly the Prince reminded him that he was his only hope, bankruptcy stared him in the face on the morrow unless he came to his rescue and restored his depleted fortune. There was nothing else to do but assent, so reluctantly he left the room to pack his bag. At the threshold the Prince's voice arrested him:

"Tell your wife I'm awaiting her here."

Crayle opened his mouth to speak, then thought better of it. Before his eyes flashed that instant when the Prince had moved his head so that the light had fallen directly on his face and something in the dark features beneath the white turban had caused him to tremble inwardly with apprehension.

A few minutes later, Eve, her beauty softened by the suffering of the past five years, entered the room, a question on her lips. Before she could give it voice, the man who was standing with his back toward her turned quickly. Her eyes widened as if she were looking at a ghost, then she hurried forward with a glad little cry:

"Rupert, you've come back!"

"I beg your pardon," he returned coldly.

"But you are Rupert." She was very close to him now. "Why do you pretend not to be? Don't you think I know? In all these years I thought you dead, grieved for you, longed for you." Her arms went out to embrace him but he pushed her away in annoyance. "Oh, Rupert, there is so much you don't understand!"

"You are mistaken," he interrupted coldly. "Everything is quite clear. You had a chance to marry Crayle's millions—and you took it."

"No, let me explain," she begged. "You were in danger. Gilbert was ruthless. He would have persecuted you, put you in prison. The only way I could save you was by marrying him."

Still he gazed at her coldly, incredulously.

"If I didn't know you, I might make the slight mistake of thinking you mean what you say. I wasn't such a fool five years ago, after all. You were really very clever."

"No, Rupert, no!" she protested, cut to the heart by the bitterness of his tone.

But he continued as if he had not heard her:

"You got rid of me to marry Crayle for his money and, now that he is down and out, you're actually trying to get me and my money."

"I didn't marry Crayle for his money," she protested, her eyes flashing.

With a smile of triumph, Lolah extended her hand, revealing a dart, tipped with a gay colored feather.

"Oh, no?" There was biting sarcasm in his tone. "What was it, then? Love?"

"Rupert, I've told you why."

"Don't try to make a fool of me again." His anger was rising now at the thought of that other night five years ago when she had deserted him in the hour of his desperate need. "I've gone through a lot—heat and loneliness, hunger, thirst and bitterness—but I've beat them all with one aim in view—to come back and make you pay for what you did to me."

"Now you listen to me," Eve commanded spiritedly. "Gilbert promised if I married him he would stop the search and let you escape. He had discovered where you had hidden in the underground tunnel. I agreed in order to save you. Then they came back and said you were dead."

His cold gaze held hers steadily for a moment.

"And you continued to live with him all these years—and pretend to love me! You're even worse than I thought you were."

"I've never really lived with him, I've never been his wife," Eve said quickly. "He has never laid a finger on me. I stayed here for two reasons, to protect your memory and because I hated him, loathed him, wanted to hurt him—and I have—I've made him suffer." She turned away coldly. "And now you may believe what you like, for you're free, and I have bought your freedom with five years of misery."

She started to leave the room but Rupert caught her arm, realizing at last that she was telling him the truth.

"Eve, look at me." Their eyes met for a brief second, then his arms went about her and he held her close, murmuring against the gold of her hair, "Oh, Eve, my darling!"

In the window that led to the balcony, Lolah stood rigidly, scarcely moving, her expressionless Oriental

(*Continued on page* 26)

Our School of Scenario Writing

Conducted by ANNE MAXWELL

LESSON ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTEEN (Reviewed)

What Price Collaboration?

COLLABORATION is a subject that I have scarcely touched upon in these articles, yet I realize that it is particularly well-suited to novices at play or screen-play writing. I suppose the reason I have not stressed it is that it is sort of foreign to my nature. I work best independently or taking orders from a producer or a director who knows just what he wants. But I know that many other people in the business like to do their work cooperatively, and it seems to work well; in fact, I just noticed that of the four new plays opening on Broadway on the date of writing two are of joint authorship. If professionals find this method successful, it would seem a good one for novices who are temperamentally suited to it to try out.

Of course, the ideal way would be to tie-up with some one who has already written for the screen but who finds himself running out of ideas and willing to take them from a novice who may have plenty of new ideas but who is lacking in the means of expressing them. This, as I say, is the ideal way, but I know that not many of you will find yourselves in a position to adopt it. But it seems to me that, if two novices were to get together and write a screen play, it might be productive of better results than for each to work independently. The old adage, "Two heads are better than one, even if one is a cabbage head," would seem to apply here, though by quoting it I do not mean to imply that either your head or that of your prospective collaborator at all resembles that of the succulent and homely vegetable.

As to the method in which two people collaborate, it varies. Sometimes one supplies the ideas while the other writes them up in plot; sometimes one is a crackerjack at supplying good action while the other excels in character-building.

Fanny Cannon, whom I have quoted to you before, in her book on "Writing and Selling a Play" speaks of this method in relation to stage plays, but I think that what she says applies equally well to writing screen plays:

"If it can be arranged, it is best to collaborate with someone with whom you can work actively, talking over, arguing, planning scenes and dialogue and watching the work as it grows. It will help greatly, and the necessity for proving certain points to you will not hurt your collaborator. . . . Copyright is taken out in both names and each is half-owner. If the division should be one-third to two-thirds, instead of fifty-fifty, it is because by mutual agreement the authors have decided that one deserves the difference because of additional creation and composition in the writing. The arrangements are really personal between the writers, and the matter is mentioned here only because of some indefiniteness in the minds of certain of the laity as to just what collaboration entails."

What do you think of this method? Have you a friend who like yourself is ambitious to write successful photoplays? To my mind, it is better to choose one of the opposite sex to work with, for then the play will view life from both the man's and woman's standpoint and will naturally be a better script. From your standpoint, it will be better to choose for your collaborator some one with a greater experience in life, or at least a different one, than your own.

And, if you do choose a collaborator, for the sake of peace in the family, don't choose a near relative. I've observed families a little and I think that in the main that suggestion is a wise one. There are exceptions, of course, but it would seem to be better, anyway, to collaborate with some one that you may meet with at intervals to work on your joint script, and then be free from until the next meeting, so both may have a chance alone to think up ideas for its betterment.

And now I wonder if any of my readers are going to adopt this method of breaking into the movies.

As to copyrighting, about which I get many inquiries, a letter to the Register of Copyrights, Library of Congress, Washington, D. C., will result in your getting all the required information.

$1250 FOR ORIGINAL PHOTOPLAY STORY

Our sales department sold an unknown author's first story for the above amount. We revise, copyright and market stories for both silent and talking pictures. Located in the heart of the motion picture industry, we know production requirements. Established 1917. Free booklet.

Universal Scenario Company

211 Western and Santa Monica Bldg. Hollywood, Calif.

That's That

(*Continued from page 9*)

on the screen, with her evening costumes.

Connie Bennett dresses more as women of the smart set in New York and Paris dress, but her lithe grace gives individuality to whatever she wears, although her gowns are usually cut on simple lines.

Greta Garbo's indifference to clothes has long been known. But it is a mistake to label her soft felt sports hats and tweed coats nondescript. They are, in fact, built especially for her by the sort of tailors and hatters who can put $200 worth of art into a tweed coat and fifty dollars worth into an untrimmed felt hat, soft as chamois skin, with a brim that stays any way it's rolled. It just happens that Garbo's taste runs to this sort of thing rather than to fragile silk costumes. She sometimes wears soft white satin evening gowns, more often black velvet, and she is always very easily the most striking personality wherever she is present. During the summer Garbo has been appearing about the studio in white middy trousers and blouse, a fashion in favor with Clara Bow, as well.

Helping Hearts Club

Conducted by ROSEMARY LEE

Pals O' Mine:

You haven't had a scolding in a long time, have you, darlings? And I know how you must miss it. It's hard to believe but some of you are still sending in whole carloads of letters to be forwarded and nary a stamp. Little Fella has a cute trick of sauntering out into the business office, choosing a nice, wealthy-looking desk and coming back with some pretty new "two's" adhering to her little feet, but she's finally gone on strike.

"Rosemary," she said the other day, "as a writer you can't be so hot. Time and time again I have read in the magazine instructions to the pals to be sure to stamp all letters and still they don't do it. I think all the pals are the cat's—and that's the biggest compliment I can pay them—so, really, the fault must be yours. How about it, old girl?"

My head drooped in shame until it rested on my toes and the flood of my tears rusted the keys of the typewriter, so please, my darlings, don't subject me to this heartbreak again, if you really love your

Rosemary Lee.

Dear Rosemary Lee:

I don't know why, but for some reason or other, I have neglected to read your pals' letters. They seem to hold a cure for lonely people like me. Today, as I read through the M. P. S., I decided to read the contents of your pages. It sure was a lot of encouragement on my part.

I am going to ask you, Miss Lee, to fill one whole blank dotted line with my name. Please! It is my desire to become a member of your club.

I find that the proper thing for all of your pals to do is to give a description of themselves. Well, here's mine. I am sixteen years old, five feet five inches tall, blue eyes and rather dark hair (I'm considered a dishwater blonde). I am of fair complexion, but at the time being I have the best looking coat of tan ever. My favorite hobbies are dancing and swimming. I play basketball at high school where I am a junior. These three keep me in health the year around.

Dear Rosemary Lee:

I have just finished reading your letters and wish very much to become a member of your Club.

I am twenty-two years of age, have light, unbobbed hair, weigh 135 pounds, and stand five feet in my stocking feet.

I am going to business college but find time to write letters which I love to do.

The Lone Eagle's letter stirred me very much, and I would enjoy a letter from him telling more about his experiences. I would also like to hear from Ronnie Boy. I will answer all letters and tell all about Maine.

Wishing success to your Club, I remain,

Maine Nell.

Why not write to Lone Eagle? The last I heard of the other pal you mention he was very ill. Our Lonesome Nellie was keeping in close touch with him and I am waiting for word from her about his condition.

RULES OF THE HELPING HEARTS CLUB

(1) Address all letters to Rosemary Lee, Suite 1117, 1478 Broadway, New York City.

(2) Write on one side of the paper only but write as much as you desire.

(3) Stamp letters to be forwarded, and address them in lead pencil across the back with pen names of pals. Enclose these in envelope addressed to Rosemary Lee.

(4) Use five cent stamps on letters to foreign pals.

(5) Put on your letters to be published your pen name and your own name and complete address. Only pen names will be published.

Dear Miss Rosemary Lee:

May I join your Helping Hearts Club? I am very interested in it. I am lonesome and would like to correspond with other members of your Club. I am a divorcee—ten years ago. I am five feet five inches tall, weigh 120 pounds, have hazel eyes, a little gray hair and am forty-one years of age, deaf but not dumb. Of course, I can talk and hear a little. I used to go to a school for the deaf. I am a great lover of the home and enjoy a good time in the proper way. I write to you hoping you will find me some real pen pals. I just love to get cards or letters from all different parts of the United States I promise I will exchange cards and photos, too. I hope to hear from some one who will be interested in me. Please don't think that I am looking forward to being married again. It's just that I want pen pals.

Lillie of Maine.

Now, pals, you who enjoy listening to beautiful music, to the loved voices of family and friends, just pause for a moment to consider what life would be if suddenly all sound were shut out and you were surrounded by a wall of silence. When you realize what such a condition would be, I know you will hasten to bring a little brightness into the days of our new pal, Lillie of Maine.

Dear Miss Lee:

As per usual, I have again purchased the M. P. S. How I love it! More success to you! May your Club grow bigger and better day by day!

I won't be a nuisance but I do want to say that I would just love having just everybody write to me for I do love letters so. Won't somebody please take a chance with me?

I'm five-foot-three, tip the scale at 104, have brown eyes and light brown hair—of course, twenty-one years old. People say: "She just can't keep smiles from her face." But still I'm lonely.

Enclosed find letters to be forwarded, please. I wonder whether I shall see this in print. If I do, it will be the first and, I supose, the last. May I hear from you, one and all, please?

Little Bit.

P. S.—I love books, dancing, football and music best of anything—but I love all athletics, no matter what.

Here goes the first time! We hope it won't be the last—not by a big bit.

Dear Rosemary Lee:

This afternoon I bought a copy of *Moving Picture Stories*. Though I have read only two issues, I'm going to continue getting the book so I can read more about your wonderful club. I really do think it is a "grand" idea. Shall I tell you how, when and by whom the book was introduced to me? I'm going to tell you anyway, so here goes.

The book was introduced to me by Nancy Carroll. Oh, no, not in person! You see, I'm one of her most devoted fans, so, whenever I see something nice about her or a good story about her, I buy the book. One night last week I was looking at some books, searching for something about Nancy as usual. I looked in vain, though, but suddenly I saw a picture of her on a cover of a book. I picked it up and read *Moving Picture Stories*. I looked and found in it on one page "Lives of the Great", and HER name was below with a story of her and some wonderful pictures. I bought the book, read about her and then read about your club and so I've decided to ask you if I may belong to it. May I?

I love to get lots of letters and enjoy answering them just as much, so won't you please help me get some pen pals? I have some already but I want letters—letters—and more letters. How I love them! And I like people, too, very much. So, Rosemary, won't you help me get some friends to write to? I have lots of time to answer them. My sister doesn't think anyone will write to me, so c'm'on, boys and girls, let's show her she's wrong. I'm counting on you.

Well, Rosemary—oh, by the way, I hope you don't mind my calling you by your first name, but I do think "Miss" is so very business-like, and this is a very happy and friendly club, am I right?—here goes for something about myself. I am a girl sixteen years old, or young, as you wish, with red, wavy hair, blue eyes, very fair skin, freckles, medium height, and like to read, especially mysteries. I am very, very interested in movie stars, but most of all Nancy Carroll. I know so very much about her, so would be very glad to tell any of her fans what they want to know, if I can. I'm interested in all the others, too, though, so, even if Nancy isn't your favorite, write to me, won't you?

I suppose you're wondering when I'm going to close this letter, now, aren't you, Rosemary? The truth is, when I start writing, I never know when to stop, but it is so different when I'm with a person. I do all the listening then.

I'll close now and hope you are not too tired and bored by this letter. The next may be better. I hope to receive some letters, so I'll just sign

Billie from New Jersey.

I'm terribly tickled that the Nancy Carroll cover attracted you to the magazine, Billie. I picked that cover, partly because Nancy is one of my favorites and partly because my great weakness is bow wows. Whenever you see a four-footer adorning little M. P. S., you can lay a safe bet that my friend, the editor, has said:

"Rosemary, if, in your travels, you run across a pretty picture, catch it and bring it back to the office with you."

You do wite an interesting letter, Billie, and I know that you're going to be one of the very popular pals.

I don't mind plain Rosemary in the least. Hardly anyone calls me "Miss", unless, of course, they're trying to overwhelm me with dignity.

My dear Miss Lee:

Will you please let two lonely little flivvers find parking space in your club? We are five feet four inches, weigh 103 pounds, age fifteen (Dot), and five feet two inches, weigh 99, age sixteen (Marian). We both have dark brown eyes and light brown hair. We are fond of dancing, reading, swimming, tennis and fudge.

We would like pen pals of both sexes to write to us, especially Trapper John, Happy Dreamer and Teddy of Barbados.

Write soon to

Dot and Marian of Jersey.

I like all the things you like, Dot and Marian—especially fudge. If I weren't so busy getting this column ready, I'd make some right this minute. Anyway, when I do, I never know whether I'll have to eat it with a spoon or crack it with a hammer.

Dear Miss Lee:

Do you think anybody would write to a little girl who isn't as happy as her name? There aren't many girls of my age where I live and I get terribly lonesome at times.

I am fond of all sports, but mostly swimming. I have brown wavy hair and blue eyes — also millions of freckles.

Won't some one write soon to

Smiles?

P. S.—Pardon the pencil but my cousin has my one and only fountain pen.

Well, freckles often bring good luck, Smiles. You know Jack Oakie says he gives a good deal of the credit for getting him a start on the screen to his. Alas, I have none!

Dear Rosemary:

I adore your name. That is why I am calling you that. Have you room to squeeze one more tiny member into your wonderful club? Say yes. I have been a reader of *Moving Picture Stories* for some time and I always turn to the H. H. C. first. I have never had enough courage to write to you to become a member. Every Saturday night I go into my favorite little store around the corner and ask them if the magazine has come. I almost drive them wild with asking. I love to read the different letters that your wonderful pen pals write. I am a small girl of five feet and have black wavy hair that everyone admires. I am sixteen years old and I have blue gray eyes. I love all kinds of sports, especially dancing. That is my middle name. I am known to my friends as "Dancing Jackie."

Sometimes I get a little lonely and I wish that something exciting would happen. Here goes, pen pals! Those who read my letter, kindly write to me right away and I will answer all letters immediately. Rosemary, won't you please take pity on Jackie and squeeze her in your club somewhere, even in the darkest corner, as long as I'm there? Wishing your club above all others the greatest success, I am

Dancing Jackie of Vineland.

P. S.—Hurry up, pals, and write to me as I will be looking for the mailman every minute now to see what he has brought me. I would like to hear from Lone Eagle from Montana, John of Maryland, Ronnie Boy and Peggy of the Windy City. I hope I won't be disappointed, pen pals.

Coming next issue: "Common Clay," starring Constance Bennett! Don't miss this tense, gripping love story!

. You've waited a long time for your corner, haven't you, Jackie? But it's a nice little corner, isn't it? And I know the pals are going to make it a bright one.

Dear Rosemary Lee:

Here I am in beautiful Arizona and I'm not lonely in the least except for pen friends. I like to write letters and love to receive them.

I am quite popular here and I always have good times. I am sixteen years old, big brown eyes and I'm five feet tall. My brother is one of my best friends (very seldom they are) and we have many good times together. But I want some pen friends. Won't you please have Russ, Barry of Dixie and some others write to me right away? Any letters are welcome, you may be sure.

I almost forgot to tell you my favorite sports. They are swimming, horseback riding, tennis and all outdoor sports.

Hoping you'll please let me join the H. H. C., I remain,

Miss Arizona.

P. S.—Russ and Barry and all you other pen pals, I'll be looking for a letter as soon as possible.

It must be lovely out your way. I'm sure the pals will be glad to hear about that beautiful country first hand.

Dear Rosemary Lee:

Is there a place to squeeze poor little me? I am very lonesome and would like to hear from some pen pals. I am a lover of all sports. I would like to hear from Moran of the Marines and also Gus from Jersey. I am four feet nine inches tall, have wavy auburn hair and brown eyes, and weigh 99 pounds. I am eighteen years old.

Hoping to hear from some pen pals soon,

Lonesome Rose of Central Falls.

Just a nice little watch charm, eh, pals?

Dear Miss Lee:

I have just finished reading some letters in your Helping Hearts Club and I hope I may become a member. I am sixteen, five feet three inches tall, weigh ninety-eight pounds, have brown hair and blue green eyes. Complexion is fair.

Girls and boys, you would make me the happiest girl if you would please write to me. I also want to let you know that religion and nationality will make no difference. I am a German Catholic girl. I have a girl friend in England and she is Jewish, so, you see, I mean it.

I love all kinds of fun, sports, also music, dancing, reading, sewing, cooking and writing.

Help me by keeping the mailman busy by sending me lots of mail. Please don't forget lonely

Pat of Cleveland, Ohio.

P. S.—I would like to say a word to Billy of St. Louis, Mo. You sure did write a nice letter to Giggles and I know Giggles sure did appreciate your letter. I did not think that boys were interested in girls' letters, but I hope there are some boys interested in my letter. I'll try not to write too girlishly.

Yes, Billy did write a cute letter, Pat. And I miss my guess if he doesn't write another soon to a certain little Miss in Ohio.

Dear Miss Lee, won't you please help me find some pen pals? Through all my sports and good times there is a shadow of loneliness. I really shouldn't be, for I am rather popular with all of my friends. If you will help me find more pen pals, I sure will be thankful to you.

In closing I ask all "pals of the pen" to write to me. You have my word of honor for a snappy reply.

Sincerely yours,
Ike of Ohio.

My, oh, my, how could you neglect us so long? Bend close while I whisper. We all think we all are about the best thing in the magazine. That's a secret, though! We wouldn't want Myra and Anne and the rest of the gang to get the impression that we pals are getting an extended cranium.

Dear Rosemary Lee:

My girl friend (Aileen) and I (Mildred) have read about your H. H. Club. We are of fifteen summers and would like to hear from girls and boys (especially) about the ages of fifteen to twenty.

Aileen has brown hair and eyes, five feet five inches tall and is a very interested collector of movie stars' pictures.

I have blonde hair, blue eyes, am five feet four inches tall and I am very interested in books.

We will be especially interested in letters from the West as we both are fond of horseback riding.

And please, Miss Lee, may we join your pen-pal club? We promise to write faithfully and exchange photos if desired. We would like very much to see this letter in print soon and hope you will be sending letters shortly to

Two Hungry Hearts.

Which reminds me, it's lunch time! See you next issue!

Lives of the Great

(*Continued from page* 13)

"A Slave of Fashion," "His Secretary," "The Waning Sex," "Upstage," "After Midnight," "The Latest from Paris" and "The Actress." She was co-starred with Ramon Novarro in "The Student Prince," and, when the talkies swept the country, reached new heights in "The Trial of Mary Dugan," "Their Own Desire" and "Divorcee." Her recording voice was judged one of the best of all those encountered for this new medium.

On September 29, 1927, Norma was married to Irving Thalberg, young producing genius for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, marking the culmination of a romance that began soon after her arrival in Hollywood.

This young star has always proved an outstanding favorite in college voting competitions and is said to have been selected as "best actress" in campus ballotings more frequently than any other star. In a popular voting contest conducted by the Chicago Tribune, she was chosen "Queen of Movieland".

Five feet one inch tall, with brown hair and clear blue eyes, Norma has plastic, mobile features and a photographic presence that is a combination of beauty and distinctive personality. She is quiet and reserved, but one of the most popular figures in Hollywood society. She is fond of swimming, tennis and yachting.

The Sea Bat

(*Continued from page* 16)

started to slink off. "Wait!" Nina shouted at them. "Sea bat kill my Carl. Go out there and bring me back the sea bat. I wanna get even. I wanna kill the sea bat. I give myself to the man who kills the sea bat."

They grinned.

"Fat chance of our riskin' our necks for you," Juan sneered.

The wind whipped Nina's skirt close about her body and she faced the two, laughing, letting them feast their eyes on the seductive curves of her figure.

"Will you kill the sea bat for me?" she asked.

They grumbled an assent and, ashamed of meeting each other's eyes, shambled off toward the saloon.

THAT afternoon Antone donned his high silk hat, which contrasted oddly with the soiled pajamas he habitually wore, and went to meet the steamer that came every three months. A new missionary was expected. Antone was a bit surprised on first catching sight of the man. He was tall, powerful, bold of eye and with a brisk manner that ill-suited the cloth he wore. The captain introduced Antone.

"The Reverend Sims—Antone."

"We have a big job for you on this island, Mr. Minister," Antone said. "They're a lazy lot."

The Reverend Sims, however, did not seem to be particularly interested in his parishioners.

"I bet he drinks like a pirate, not like a parson," Juan muttered and with the phrase on his lips there came a sudden memory of a poster he had seen advertising a large reward for the return of a convict to Devil's Island, the penal colony. It had been offered for John Dennis, a pirate, and Juan was struck by the resemblance between the two men.

That same evening, Akar came to Nina's house and whispered through the window:

"It is true that you give yourself to man who kills sea bat?"

"Yes," Nina whispered back.

"Then I go, too, to keep you from Juan. I kill the sea bat."

In the morning when Maddocks wanted to put to sea, all his divers were absent. The new mate who had taken Carl's place explained that they had gone in a body to hunt the sea bat from small boats and related the reason for their going.

"That girl will have blood on her head before she is through," the captain muttered.

That evening the small boats returned. Two men had been killed, the Corsican and Akar. Nina was indifferent to the Corsican's death, but Akar's moved her deeply.

The Reverend Sims, standing behind her as she sobbed over Akar's dead body, put his hand on her shoulder and said:

"Well, you can have the pleasure of knowing that you did this."

"No, no, I didn't!" she protested.

"Isn't it amusing," he said grimly, "to send men out to their death to please your little whims?"

She fled from him. In the distance he could hear the throbbing of the voodoo drums and he knew that she was on her way to Wombly.

Antone also watched her run and turned to the minister.

"There she goes again, to those black devils. Ain't it terrible to see a white girl mixing up with that scum? You're the soul catcher. Why don't you do something about it?"

Without a word Sims stalked off to where he knew the voodoo services were being held. For a few moments he watched Wombly go through her weird antics while Nina and the natives knelt before her, then he asked in a loud voice:

"What is this? A jazz dance?"

Nina sprang up to face him.

"Don't you come near," she cried. "You'll break the charm."

"There is no charm here," he said. "You come away with me."

Nina paid no attention to him but turned back to where Wombly was praying over Akar's body and Sims went away to read the burial service over the grave of the Corsican.

For a long time Nina listened to the hysterical raving of the voodoo priestess, shivering with dread as she looked at the dead eyes of Akar. Finally, she could stand it no more and yelling, "I didn't do it, I didn't do it!" rose to her feet and ran screaming through the jungle. It seemed to her that ghosts of the dead men walked beside her in the forest trails. She ran faster and faster. Here the Corsican confronted her, there Akar's eyes burned into her own. She ran and ran, frenzied with fear and superstition. Not knowing where she was going, she was suddenly aware that she had come to the cemetery and the voice of Sims was filling the silent air of the jungle with words that seemed to beat brass wings against the evil things that were pursuing her.

"I am the resurrection and the life, said the Lord. He that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die."

Nina sank down to her knees. The words of God had comforted her.

(*To be continued in Moving Picture Stories, September* 9)

Cobra

(*Continued from page* 7)

more. That isn't fair, old man. I have to go over to Philadelphia tonight and cannot take her to a concert she has set her heart on. I want you to escort her instead."

Rod hesitated a second, then:

"Sorry, Jack, but I shall be compelled to work here until midnight."

He did not hear Elise's quickly indrawn breath nor see the sudden flash of her sea-green eyes. He was watching the slender blonde girl whose glance wandered from his face to that of the wife of her employer.

MIDNIGHT found Rod alone in the office so busily occupied with the papers he was studying that he did not realize he was not alone until a strong whiff of an exotic perfume made him raise his head and stare into the face of the woman who was bending over him. From head to foot she was clothed in luxurious furs, above which her sleek black hair gleamed in the dim light like the sheen of polished ebony. The nostrils of her high-bridged, sensitive nose quivered, and something about the way her lips curled back from her teeth reminded him of the bronze cobra on his desk.

"Rod"—she laid a slender hand on one of his—"why do you treat me this way when I have shown you in every manner that I love you?"

The man quivered under the burning pressure of her palm.

"Aren't you forgetting that your husband is my best friend?" he asked thickly.

"I've written you," she continued, veiling her eager eyes with a sweep of thick lashes, "I've offered you my love and you have not replied."

"You are mad to come here at this hour!" he cried. "Elise, please go!"

She drew closer, her slender body undulating in its sheath of satin from which she had thrown her fur cloak.

"I dare you to take me in your arms and send me away," she taunted. "Rod, I know a place where we can be alone, where we can be happy together."

"For God's sake!" he groaned, the blood pounding his temples, his nerve weakened by the sheer animal force of her.

"I defy you to take me in your arms and with your lips on mine let me go."

As she spoke, she wound her long bare arms about his neck and slowly drew his lips down to her. For a second he struggled, struggled against her and the flame in himself, then with a smothered sob he drew her yielding body in a tight embrace and fastened his lips on hers.

They went to a squalid place which dignified itself by the name of *hotel,* but, as the door closed behind the bellboy and Rod turned to face the woman whose lure had made him momentarily forget his manhood, his honor, his friend, a sudden realization of what he was about to do swept over him.

"God!" he groaned, and, pushing aside the clinging arms that sought to detain him, he dashed into the hallway and down the stairs to the street. He cared little whether Elise followed him or not. He could at least face his friend without being completely the cad.

Conscience rode him heavily the next morning when he reached his office, especially when Mary Drake approached him timidly and offered him the friendship she had denied him the day before.

"I was too hard," she stammered, "and something made me—it was something Mrs. Dorning said."

"I know," he answered wearily, "but nothing she could have said is any worse than I really am."

The girl looked at him, hurt and bewildered, then she slowly walked out of the room.

A persistent jangling of the telephone bell on his desk dragged him out of his painful introspection. It took a second before what Dorning was trying to tell him percolated through his mind. Elise was not at home. She had gone out early in the evening the night before and had not returned. Did Rod have any idea where she was?

"Have you telephoned her friends?" His voice was so thick and unnatural that he wondered the husband did not notice it.

"Yes. My God, where is she?"

It was as he hung up the receiver that the young Italian's eyes fell on the headlines on the front page of the newspaper. The Van Cleve Hotel burned to the ground! Two unidentified guests destroyed in the flames! The register burned to a crisp, making useless any attempt to learn who they were! A man and a woman!

A woman! God! Suppose the woman was Elise Dorning! Suppose she had remained in the hotel some time after he had left and had been caught—trapped to her death!

Shaking, every nerve a-quiver, Rod knew, even as he tried to convince himself that she had escaped, that the unidentified woman was Elise, Elise whom his partner adored. With every atom of his being, he wanted to confess to the stricken husband that Elise would never return to him, that she was gone forever. He wanted to confess the part he had played in her death.

But confession would be so easy! It would strip a good man of a beautiful ideal, rob him of all the memories that were now invaluable. He might cleanse his own soul and bring relief to himself but he would ruin another's life.

How he faced the pallid, heartbroken man who sobbed out his anguish he never knew. At any other time Jack Dorning would have realized that Rod was laboring under a terrific strain and some mental trouble but at this hour when he was obsessed with but one thought, that of finding his missing wife, he took little note of the other's appearance.

HOURS passed, days, and the death of Elise Dorning became a certainty to the conscience-stricken Count. Slowly but surely Dorning came out of the lethargy that had threatened to cloud his mind forever. In some way, in some manner, Elise had died, he was convinced of it, and she became but a beautiful, exquisite memory to him, something too sweet and fragile to have kept on this earth always.

He loved to speak of the years of happiness he had spent with her and, as Rod writhed under these reminiscences, he felt that he was meeting a retribution almost beyond endurance. Then Dorning learned the truth—among Elise's belongings he found letters proving her infidelity, her several visits to the Van Cleve Hotel, and Rod confessed his share in her death. Momentarily Dorning was staggered, but their friendship continued.

IN these trying days Rod daily came into contact with the girl he now knew that he adored, adored with the first pure, clean love that had ever come into his life.

As Dorning mended in mind and spirit, he began to notice the change in his friend and insisted that he take a vacation for a while.

"Go to Italy," he urged. "The climate will buck you up. You have taken my burdens too much on your own shoulders. Forget your conscience!"

Accordingly, Rod sailed one day, intending to forget if possible the wreck he had helped to make of his best friend's happiness and the girl he felt he had no right to love.

There was no peace in Italy, and he came back in less time than he had intended. He tried to delude himself into believing that it wasn't a slim blonde girl who pulled him back to the States, but, when he entered the office and found her bending over a vase of roses, when he saw the delicate flush that mantled her cheeks as he greeted her, he knew that, struggle against his love as he would, Mary Drake was the only thing that mattered in life. All other women, fortune, future, nothing counted but his love for her.

The light in her eyes, the welcoming smile on her soft lips told him that he had but to ask and her love was his, yet he hesitated. He took her hand gently and murmured that he was glad he had not been forgotten and asked her to send his partner to him.

Dorning was a changed man. His cheeks had filled out, the haggard lines had gone from around his eyes, he seemed to have a zest for his work, an interest in life which had not been there before Rod went away. With a sinking sensation about his heart, the younger man realized what had given his partner this new lease on

happiness. Dorning also loved Mary Drake. The way his eyes followed her as she left the room proved it.

Rod mentioned her name casually, led his partner up to the subject of love and received a confession from him.

"She means everything to me," Dorning said softly, "but I am afraid there is some one else with her."

For a second the young Italian stared at the rug at his feet, then he smiled into his friend's face.

"Give her time, old man, and she is yours."

There was a cynical smile on his face when he addressed the girl a few minutes later. She drew back from him, her lips parted, while a slow crimson stained her lovely face.

"Did you have a good time while you were gone, Mr. Torriani?" she stammered.

"Bet I did! There was a peach of a blonde on the ship!" He touched the tips of his fingers to his lips and tossed the imaginary kiss into the air. "And all of my old friends were in Naples—and some new ones!"

"Oh! I—I see—you haven't changed!" Her chin quivered.

"No," he laughed, "I haven't changed, I shall never change!"

A DARK, exceedingly handsome young man leaned over the railing of the great ocean liner and stared at the sky with gloomy eyes until it became a mere hazy blur. Dorning would be happy—in time Mary would be happy and find forgetfulness in the love of a man who was worthy of her in every respect but——

What was in store for him? Would his sacrifice expiate his crime? God alone knew, and to God he offered his life and his fortune.

Prince of Diamonds

(*Continued from page* 19)

eyes fastened upon the lovers. For an instant it seemed as if she meant to spring at Eve's throat, then she turned and glided out into the shadows again.

RUPERT and Eve were still in each other's arms when a step sounded in the room and they turned to find Gilbert Crayle glowering at them, his face deathly white with rage, the gun in his hand covering them both.

"I thought so, Endon," he exclaimed, "and I knew I'd find you like this, you and my wife—the woman who married me to save you but who has kept me at a distance as if I were some loathsome beast. But now I have you at my mercy, both of you. I have phoned Scotland Yard and the detectives will be here any moment, for you are still a fugitive from justice, Endon, still wanted for the theft of my diamond."

"But here it is, Crayle."

Rupert took the stone from his pocket, then glanced toward the window at his back. He had defeated justice that way once before, Crayle remembered vividly. He had no intention of giving him another oportunity. His gun spat fire but the shot went wild and, leaping upon him, Rupert wrested the weapon from his hand. Another shot and Crayle crumpled up on the floor.

"Oh, my darling," Eve breathed in terror, "they will get you now and this time it will be for murder. Perhaps"—she glanced quickly at the window—"perhaps there is still time."

But at that instant the detectives from Scotland Yard rushed into the room, took in the scene at a flash, the crumpled body on the floor, Rupert standing over him, the pistol still in his hand, the white-faced, horror-stricken woman clinging to him desperately. As one of the detectives reached for the handcuffs, the other bent over to examine the body. Yes, Gilbert Crayle was dead, killed instantly. Then the detective gave vent to a grunt of surprise. No bullet wound was visible and, in the floor a few feet away, was the empty cartridge. He looked up at the group wonderingly. Then, as silently as a shadow, a beautiful, Oriental girl glided in through the window and with a smile of triumph on her face extended her hand, revealing a dart, tipped with a gay-colored feather.

"Well, I'll be——" the detective exclaimed.

He turned questioningly to Rupert, then made a move toward the girl. But, as he took the first step forward, she glided through the window again as quietly as she had entered. The next instant the death-like silence that pervaded the room was broken by the splash of a body falling into the moat that surrounded the castle. Lolah had again saved the life of the young Englishman she adored so passionately, saved it for the lovely, golden-haired woman who, too, had loved him well enough to sacrifice herself that his memory might be kept untarnished.

Wild Company

(*Continued from page* 5)

suspicions. He told her he wanted to marry her and protect her good name. For a moment she was touched, then she remembered Europe with Joe, whom she loved with all her frivolous heart, and laughed Larry's seriousness aside.

"Come on, I'll be late. We'll have a great time tonight!" And she dragged him away to the club.

AT The Skyrocket, Joe persuaded Larry to try his luck at the gaming tables upstairs—a ruse to get him into the room adjoining the manager's private office where the holdup was to take place. Sally was singing her blues and her "love for Joe, though he brought her woe, she needed him so". She sang the chorus through twice, slowly.

In the entrance hall, Mr. Grayson addressed a waiter:

"I'd like to see the manager."

Recognized as the influential Henry Grayson, he was at once directed to the office. There the manager, a large roll of bills in his hand, met him and heard the reason for his visit, to find his son.

"Certainly, Mr. Grayson," he agreed. "I'll go downstairs with you as soon as I put this money away."

He stepped into the private office, adjoining. The song of the blues singer drifted up from below. Suddenly a shot crashed through the music, the clatter of dishes and all other sounds.

In the anteroom, Larry caught at Joe who dashed out of the manager's private office.

"Somebody tried to hold up Brown," the gangster hurriedly explained, then he and his henchmen vanished and the boy heard the rush of approaching feet. He dashed for an open window and the fire escape.

From the outer office Henry Grayson rushed into the room where the murdered man lay and glimpsed his son escaping from the empty room beyond.

He made his way out of the club, and, when he reached home, went

directly to Larry's room. The boy had not yet returned. Shocked and broken, Grayson waited.

Finally the door opened and Larry, his face pitifully white and ravaged, came in and threw himself on the bed. Then his father spoke. The boy's explanations of an evening's drive with Dick and losing their way were brushed aside.

"My son, I saw you at The Skyrocket. It was I who broke open the door as you went out the window. Why did you do it?"

Horrified, Larry denied the murder, and, although evidence was against him, his father finally believed him.

"You and I are going to straighten this thing out," Grayson said. "I'm not going to have them fasten this murder on you. We are going to have a little chat with Joe Hardy. Come on, son."

THEY found the gangster with one of his men at Sally's apartment. The interview was brief. Both men accused Larry of the crime. Joe frankly advised Mr. Grayson to hush it up or he would put the rope around his own son's neck.

Sally turned to Larry.

"You tin-plated little sheik! You told me today you were broke. There were plenty of reasons for you to do it. I'm willing to tell them to the judge, if I have to."

"Better think it over, Grayson," Joe advised.

Mr. Grayson's answer was to the point:

"Put 'em up!" He had drawn a gun from his pocket. "See if they're armed, Larry."

He reached for the telephone. In five minutes the police were entering the room.

"Captain, I believe these people are responsible for the murder of Felix Brown." Mr. Grayson indicated the sullen, angry-looking three. "And, Captain—take my boy, too."

"Okay, Dad," was Larry's answer as he accompanied the detectives.

OF the quartet, Larry was tried first. It was an ordeal of terrible remorse and grief for his parents, and horror for his own possible fate. His father, almost crushed, bravely testified that he, himself, was indirectly responsible for his boy's drifting into wild company. He was wayward but innocent of murder and he could only trust that the jury would understand.

When the jury finally filed in with its verdict, the tension was almost more than Larry could stand. "Guilty of manslaughter." The words fell like hammer blows. He scarcely heard the recommendation to the mercy of the court.

Happily the wise old judge understood. After a long preamble and lecture on the evils of drinking, the fault that lies with indulgent parents and so on, he cleared his throat and, looking down at Larry, finished:

"The jury has recommended you to the mercy of the court, and the court paroles you in the custody of your father for five years!"

Larry could scarcely believe it! He stood, for a moment, shaken and white with the shock of relief, then turned to his mother and her arms went about him. Anita gave him a quick, sisterly hug and, when he looked up, there was faithful little Natalie with her hand extended. Larry took it and they looked into each other's eyes an instant and saw a new world there.

He thought of his father. Mr. Grayson still sat in the chair from which he had expected to hear his son sentenced to years in prison. His hands were still clasped tightly as he tried to control his emotions. Larry bent down.

"Dad," he whispered with an arm across the older man's shoulder.

Grayson turned to the boy, a new understanding like a white light between them, and they embraced each other, heedless of the crowd.

Florodora Girl

(*Continued from page* 12)

"They didn't tell me."

"They didn't?"

"Don't say anything," Daisy cautioned. "They thought they were helping me."

"I don't understand," he answered.

"I might as well tell you — the girls have been putting me wise how to play the game, how to fascinate the rich men."

"Oh, so it's a game!"

"Yes—I'm not very good at it."

His manner was more than intimate. In this day and age we would say that he was "on the make". But Daisy did not realize this. She was only too pleased to know that he was not angry with her.

"Maybe you won't want to see me every day when you know me better," Daisy suggested.

"When I know you better, I'll want to see you many times every day," he retorted.

"I don't live in a very swell part of town," she said, casting her eyes down.

"I wouldn't care if you lived on Avenue A."

"That's just where I do live."

"From now on it's going to be my favorite street," Jack answered, laughing.

At that moment their coach passed an open Victoria going north, with two occupants, a beautiful, dignified woman of middle age and a young girl, whose brunette prettiness was somewhat spoiled by a petulant mouth. Both women smiled as Jack passed them and Jack tipped his hat politely.

"What a beautiful lady!" Daisy said with admiration in her voice as she looked at the older woman.

"That was my mother," Jack answered.

"Oh—and who was the pretty girl?"

His face was flushed with embarrassment as he answered:

"Oh, just a girl—I know."

NEXT day, true to his promise, Jack called for Daisy after the matinée. H drove up to the stage door in an Oldsmobile, with the starting crank at the side and the entrance in the rear. There was no windshield, and, to protect himself from the dust, Jack wore huge gauntlets, a linen duster and goggles.

They drove out to a roadhouse where he had engaged a private room. He ordered champagne, but Daisy would drink only tea, protesting:

"My father does the drinking for our family."

"It's very cozy—being alone this way," Jack said, edging over to where she sat.

Daisy answered, smiling up at him:

"Honest, I've had the best times with you I've ever had in my life."

Leaning toward her, Jack whispered:

"Our good times are just beginning, my dear. Won't you inhale

Freckles

Stillman's Freckle Cream bleaches them out while you sleep. Leaves the skin soft and white—the complexion fresh, clear and natural. For 37 years thousands of users have endorsed it. So easy to use. The first jar proves its magic worth. If you use Bleach Cream you need no other product than Stillman's Freckle Cream. The most wonderful Bleach science can produce. At all drug stores 50c.

Write for free booklet. Tells "Why you have freckles. How to remove them." Box 41, STILLMAN CO., Aurora, Ill.

INGROWN NAILS

$1 PAINLESS REMEDY

Put a little "NO-INGRO" under the corner of the toe nail. Pain stops instantly, and inflamed skin toughens and forces nail to grow outward. No more trouble, correction is permanent. Sold by mail only, $1.00. MONEY BACK GUARANTEE. FREE IF IT FAILS. Agents wanted. Write for particulars.

Send Bill or Money Order to Jewell Chemical Co. Dept. "A" 803 Washington Avenue Brooklyn, N. Y.

INSTANT RELIEF

Permanent Correction

MARRY! BIG DIRECTORY with descriptions and photos, mailed in plain wrapper for ten cents.
BONAFIDE CO., Dept. 37, Kansas City, Mo.

REDUCE With O.B.C.T.

She Used to be Fat!

Any woman can reduce with O. B. C. T.—quickly and painlessly, without harm or inconvenience. No exercise or diet necessary. O. B. C. T. is made under the supervision of a licensed, practicing physician.

Write Today for Two Weeks' Treatment

Prove to yourself that O. B. C. T. is the most wonderful fat reducer ever prescribed. **Send no money.** Pay the postman $1.50 when the package arrives. **We positively guarantee that you will lose weight on the first box, or we'll refund your money.** Two weeks' treatment will convince you! Write today! **Start reducing right away!**

O.B.C.T. Laboratory 4016 Lincoln Avenue Dept. 252 Chicago, Ill.

HAIRLESS SKIN with GYPSIA

FREE Pamphlet FREE

Marvelous imported Parisian discovery, removes Unwanted Hair in a jiffy, for good! No irritation. Harmless, liquid clean. Just apply and wash off! Satisfaction or money refunded. Send this ad and your address to get FREE explanation how "GYPSIA" destroys Hair and Root.

GYPSIA PRODUCTS CO., (K), 55 W. 42 St. N.Y.

FREE SECRET ART MAGNETIC POWER, Successful Master-Key, outthinking, controlling others, prevent others controlling you. Knowledge, you need to win Life's battles; astonishing secret methods known only to leaders of men. Free Copy for ambitious; limited supply; mailed on receipt of handling cost, 10c. Order now before all are gone. Supremacy Pub. Co., Box 579, Genl. P. O., N. Y.

a bubble?" He extended his glass of champagne.

"I'd rather not."

"I'm crazy about you," he declared, putting his arms about her.

Something Daisy saw in his eyes as he took her into his embrace warned her. Rising, she suggested:

"It's late. Let's get back."

"Look here," he said, disregarding her suggestion, "I've brought you something."

He took a jewel case from his pocket and passed it over to her. It contained an expensive bracelet.

"Gee! Will you look at that! It's beautiful!" Daisy exclaimed in frank delight. "Oh—but I can't accept it!"

"Of course, you can," Jack answered suavely. "Lovely hands deserve lovely jewels."

"You're sweet to me," she said, slipping the bracelet over her hand.

"There are lots of things I'd like to do for you. First of all, I think it's time you moved out of Avenue A. Why don't you let me take a little apartment for you uptown—in a pleasanter neighborhood?"

"For my father and me?"

"I hadn't exactly thought of your father," Jack said with a wry smile.

"How do you mean then"

"Well, I'd like to have you living where I could drop in occasionally. As it is, I scarcely ever see you alone. Don't you understand, my dear?"

"I—don't think I do," she said slowly.

"Sometimes when I bring you home from parties——"

"Yes," she encouraged him.

"It's very late, it's raining sometimes—well, it's no fun for me to go home in the rain." Daisy stared at him for a moment. A light was beginning to dawn on her. Her mouth framed itself into a startled, "Oh!" She drew back, snatching away her hand. "What's the matter?" Jack asked.

"How could you say such a thing to me?" she burst out.

"Look here," Jack started suavely, but Daisy's shock had turned to anger.

With mounting wrath she cried out:

"What do you think I am? Just because I'm a chorus girl—just because I have to work for a living—you think you can treat me like a—here!" Snatching off the bracelet which he had given her, she thrust it into his hands. "Take your old bracelet! Take it!"

"Please don't be silly," Jack pleaded.

"I have been silly. I've been a fool. I thought you were a gentleman."

"Daisy——"

"Don't Daisy me. You with your swell automobile, you think you can get any girl you want. I should have known better. The girls all warned me. But I couldn't believe it—I thought you were decent."

"Daisy, please," Jack said, trying to calm her and taking hold of her hands.

"Don't you touch me," she cried, struggling free and suddenly dealing him a sharp slap in the face. "There—that's what I think of you."

She turned and ran out of the room. Jack, holding one hand to his slapped face, stared after her in astonishment.

"DEAR DAISY:

"I have tried for three days to see you and tell you how deeply I regret my inexcusable conduct.

"Jack."

In the dressing-room, where Fanny and Maude were putting on the last touches of their street make-up, Daisy was reading Jack's letter.

"What's become of Jack anyhow?" Maude asked.

"I haven't the faintest idea," Daisy said.

That moment there came a knock on the door and Lord Rummy's voice inquired:

"I say! Are you theah?"

Daisy opened the door for him and greeted him:

"Hello, Rummy, does your mother know you're out?"

"My mothah? I didn't know you knew my mothah!"

"What's on your mind—if anything?" Daisy asked.

"I say! Are you engaged?"

"Is this a proposal"

"No—no," Rummy stuttered. "I mean to say, are you going anywhere this evening?"

"Home to my folding bed."

"I say! Don't do that! I mean to say, let's go out for a lark!"

"How far out?" Daisy asked.

"Anywhere. Rector's — Coney Island — the Bowery. Oh, yes, and there's a frightfully fashionable party tonight. Mrs. Commodore Caraway is giving a ball—society, you

know—such as it is in this funny country."

"I don't belong," she protested, smiling.

"But, I say—I'll take you."

"I wasn't invited."

"I was, my dear child. The hostess is frightfully keen to have me, and she said I might bring anyone I liked. They're very dull people and you'd be a positive ray of sunshine."

"I've always wanted to see a swell blowout like that," Daisy mused, half decided to accept Rummy's offer.

"I say, do come," Rummy persisted as he saw signs of acceptance.

Her smile suddenly fading, Daisy said soberly:

"Oh, but I couldn't go."

"The kid ought to go," Fanny put in.

"You really should go, Daisy, it's the real Four Hundred that you'll be seeing," Maude seconded.

"I'm sorry. You were sweet to ask me, Rummy," Daisy went on, heedless of their suggestions.

"Hold your horses!" Fanny said quickly. "Maude and I think you ought to make your bow to society."

"Make my bow?" Daisy questioned. "I'd fall flat on my face. Listen—I couldn't go. I haven't a party dress."

"Wait," Fanny commanded. "You know that gown the star wears in the second act——"

"But the wardrobe is locked for the night," Daisy reminded.

"I'll get it," Maude said. "My old man was a burglar and I used to help him after school hours."

"That's just topping," Rummy said, his face beaming.

JACK VIBART was at the Commodore's party, being dutifully attentive to the Caraway heiress, Constance. The moment that he caught sight of Daisy, he left Constance with a hurried excuse and went quickly to where she was standing with Rummy. Paying no attention to the crowd of young men around her, he confronted her.

"Daisy, may I speak to you a minute?"

Putting on the grand manner, she returned shortly:

"So sorry, my dances are all taken."

"On your way out, my young man, would you mind closing the door?" Rummy suggested, pushing Jack gently to one side. Another young man drew Daisy away to waltz.

A little later she found a breathing space between dances, went to the conservatory and sat down quietly behind a palm tree.

Two society matrons were discussing the dancers. Daisy could not help but hear what they were saying. As Jack waltzed by, a disconsolate expression on his face and Constance in his arms, one of these women remarked:

"Constance and Jack Vibart make such a handsome couple. They're very devoted, I hear."

"Dame Rumor hath it that he's going to marry her."

"Oh, yes, my dear. Of course, it hasn't been formally announced, but I think we can look for the glad news of their engagement any day now."

Daisy's face froze in surprise and agony. As the dance came to an end, Jack sauntered out to the conservatory looking for Daisy. He was just in time to see her run out. She felt that she must get away, that another minute in the ballroom would find her in tears.

Jack ran after her into the street and, as he hurried down the sidewalk, made a gesture to his coachman to follow him along the roadway. In a minute his long strides had enabled him to catch up to her.

"Daisy," he called out, "please stop!"

Paying no attention to him, hurt, but not angry, Daisy replied:

"I shouldn't have come here."

"Daisy, you've got to listen to me!"

"It's all right. I understand."

"But you don't! Please give me a chance to tell you how—how sorry I am that I made such a fool of myself the other day. Forgive me."

"I've forgotten it."

"Daisy, I've been all kinds of a cad. I can only tell you that I'm sorry—terribly sorry!"

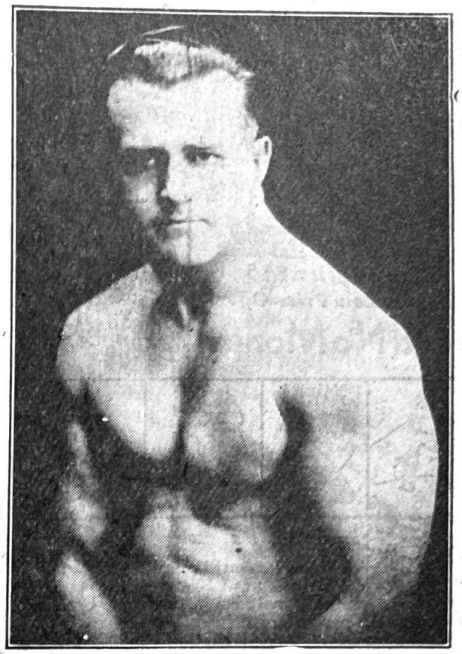
Very sincerely and wistfully she replied:

"I hope you'll be very happy!"

They were talking at cross purposes.

"But I won't be!"

As they came to the street corner, Daisy stopped. Jack made a motion for his carriage to draw alongside and, before she could say a word



EARLE LIEDERMAN — The Muscle Builder
Author of "Muscle Building," "Science of Wrestling," "Secrets of Strength," "Here's Health," "Endurance."

What Do Women Want Most?

Women want he-men for their husbands and sweethearts. None of this chorus-man stuff for the real girl. She wants to be proud of his physical make-up, proud of his figure in a bathing-suit. She knows that it's the fellow that is full of pep and vitality that gets ahead in this world. He's got the physical backbone to back up the mental decisions he makes. He'll win out every time.

Look Yourself Over!

How do you shape up? Are you giving yourself a square deal? Have you got those big rolling muscles that mean health and strength inside and out? The vitality that gives you the ambition to win out at everything you start? Make that girl admire you first and foremost for a real he-man and the hardest part in winning her is over.

I Can Give It To You in 30 Days

In 30 days I can do you over so that she will hardly know you. I'll put a whole inch of solid muscle on each arm in 30 days, and two whole inches of rippling strength across your chest. I've done it for over a hundred thousand others, and I can do it for you. I don't care how weak and puny you are. I like to get them weak and puny, because it's the hopeless cases that I work with best. It gives me a lot of real joy just to see them develop and the surprised look in their eyes when they step before the mirror at the end of 30 days and see what a miracle I have worked.

You'll Be A He-Man From Now On!

If at the end of 30 days you think you have improved, wait till you see yourself at the end of 90 days. Then the friends you thought were strong will seem like children by comparison. I'm not called the Muscle Builder for nothing. My system scientifically builds real muscle faster than you ever imagined.

Watch Them Turn Around

Notice how every woman prefers the fellow who carries himself with head up. Notice how the broad shouldered man always gets their eye. They want a dependable he-man when they make their choice—one who can protect them. **And you can be that man.** Remember, I not only promise it—I GUARANTEE IT.

Now don't put it off a minute. Get going to new happiness and real manhood today.

Send for my New Book Muscular Development 64 Pages and —IT'S FREE

It contains forty-eight full-page photographs of myself and some of the many prize-winning pupils I have trained. Some of these came to me as pitiful weaklings, imploring me to help them. This book will prove an impetus and a real inspiration to you. This will not obligate you at all, but for the sake of your future health and happiness do not put it off. Send today—right now before you turn this page.

EARLE LIEDERMAN
Dept. 5808 305 Broadway, New York

EARLE LIEDERMAN
Dept. 5308, 305 Broadway, New York City

Dear Sir: Please send me, without any obligation on my part whatever, a copy of your latest book, "Muscular Development." (Please write or print plainly.)

Name ..... Age .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

BIG MUSCLES $3.98 For Only

Reg. Value $15
Limited Low Price Offer
Send No Money

SAVE OVER HALF ON THIS OFFER
But you save still more if you buy now. Everything's included in this special low price offer. Big, rugged, **10 Cable Exerciser** adjustable to 200 lbs. resistance. Complete **Wall Exercising Parts** for Back and Shoulder development. **Hand Grip** that builds husky Wrists and Forearms. **Head Gear** to bring out those dormant Neck Muscles. **Foot Stirrup and Harness** that develop sinewy Calf and Thigh Muscles. Regulation **Heavy Skip Rope** for Speed, Endurance and Wind. Novel Rowing Parts Included. And a completely illustrated **Course of Instruction. All This—For Only $3.98!** Take advantage of this temporary low price offer NOW.

Just send your name and address. We'll ship everything out by return mail. Pay postman only $3.98 plus postage charges. Outside United States Cash with Order.

Institute for Physical Development, Inc.
13 East 22nd St., Dept. H-31 New York, N. Y.

FORM DEVELOPED

By an Easy Scientific Method that has stood the test of 26 years Successful Service. The Direct Method for a Symmetrical Figure -- Development where needed. Neck, Chest, Arms, Legs--in fact ANY part of the Body. You need not send me a long letter. Just write *"I enclose 10c. Mail me a Large Box of* **PEERLESS WONDER CREAM** *Sealed and Prepaid, and tell me how to Develop a Beautiful Rounded Form by your Simple Home Method."* That is all you need say, and I will return the dime if you wish, but send it NOW.

MADAME WILLIAMS, Suite 107, Buffalo, N. Y.

$1260 TO $3400 YEAR

Men—Women—18 Up
Steady Work
Paid Vacations
Common Education Usually Sufficient
Mail Coupon Today, Sure

COUPON

Franklin Institute,
Dept. L-258, Rochester, N. Y.
Gentlemen: Rush to me, FREE of charge, list of steady U. S. Government big pay positions now obtainable. Send me FREE 32-page book describing salaries, hours, work, vacation and giving full particulars on how to get a position.

Name.....
Address.....

against it, he had handed her into the cab.

"I'll tell you the truth," he said. "When I first met you, I wasn't serious. But I—well, I know now that there's no other girl but you—there couldn't be."

He took her hand in his.

"Why do you tell me a lie like that?" she said, trying to draw her hand away.

"It's the truth—I swear——"

"What about her?" she asked.

"Constance? Why, we were children together and, as long as I can remember, our families have planned our marriage the way families do. I don't mind telling you Constance is considered a good match. We haven't a great deal of money, and she has lots. But now that's all changed. I can't even think of her—I can't think of any one but you. Tell me you believe me!"

Daisy stared straight ahead of her and made no reply.

"Where to, sir?" the coachman asked, turning around on the box.

"Around the park," Jack directed. They went around the park twice and, when they drove down Avenue A, he said to her, "I've been pretty much of a waster and I've done a lot of things I'm ashamed of, but, if you'll say the word, I'll be the happiest man."

"What word do you want me to say?" Daisy asked with a wistful smile.

Taking her in his arms eagerly, Jack murmured:

"Darling, do you mean it?" Daisy nodded. "I'm going home now and wake my mother up and tell her the good news. And she'll want to meet you as soon as possible. You have a matinée tomorrow, so it will be after the theatre tomorrow night."

"It's a long time till tomorrow night," Daisy said, kissing him lightly on the cheek in farewell.

JACK VIBART'S family was not a wealthy one. There were proud traditions and a certain amount of wealth, but Mrs. Vibart hoped that through a marriage between Jack and Constance Caraway she might be enabled to continue in the style in which she and her three daughters were accustomed to live. This was not selfish on her part, as it was the future of her daughters that she had in mind.

PEEL OFF THE UGLY "THORNS"

Get Rid of Those Pimples, Blackheads, Freckles and Blemishes This New Way!

Have a New Skin and Youth-Like Complexion

In 3 Days!

READ FREE OFFER BELOW

LOOK in your mirror in just a few days after you do as instructed, and behold the clear, new, youth-like skin and beauty complexion, instead of seeing those awful "thorns in the flesh" called pimples, blackheads, large pores, freckles, signs of aging and other disfiguring blemishes that hide the true beauty you possess, but do not know it.

This new discovery actually peels them off harmlessly, and they're gone for good, not covered up as with paint and powder. It's the most amazing, yet simple way of getting rid of skin blemishes you ever read of, and all explained in a new treatise called "BEAUTIFUL NEW SKIN IN 3 DAYS" which now is being mailed to readers of this magazine ABSOLUTELY FREE. Send no money, just name and address and you will receive it by return mail, in plain wrapper. If pleased, simply tell you friends who may wish a clear, new, spotless skin and youth-like complexion. Address, Marvo Beauty Laboratories, Dept. 382-A, No. 1700 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Don't delay; write now!

FRENCH PHOTOS

Real action, moving pictures in ten positions; also Tillie & Mac, Sheba, Lovelorn, Cleopatra, The Kiss, Sleep, etc.; 32 rare, genuine daring French Photo poses (full of pep) —all for $1.00 Send cash or money order. IMPORT PHOTO, 1472A Broadway, N. Y.

SONG WRITERS!

Substantial Advance Royalties are paid on work found acceptable for publication. Anyone wishing to write *either the words or music* for songs may submit work for free examination and advice. *Past experience unnecessary.* New demand created by "Talking Pictures" fully described in our free book. Write for it Today—Newcomer Associates
760 Earle Building, New York, N. Y.

LADIES!

I positively guarantee my great Successful "Relief" Compound. Safely relieves some of the longest, most obstinate abnormal cases in 3 to 5 days. No harm, pain or interference with work. Mail $2.00; Double Strength $3.00. Booklet Free. Write today.
DR. A. I. SOUTHINGTON REMEDY CO.
Kansas City, Mo.

Banish Worry Instantly

Take no chances with your health and happiness? Here is the safe, sure way to solve that intimate problem of married life. The quickest, simplest, most convenient way. Let VAGI-SLIPS end your fears and uncertainties. These handy antiseptic cones make feminine hygiene convenient any time, anywhere. They give instant protection, destroying all germ-laden accumulations. But be sure you get genuine VAGI-SLIPS. Order direct from the address below. Beware of imitations.

FEMININE HYGIENE WITHOUT WATER OR ACCESSORIES

No fuss, no bother—VAGI-SLIPS are always ready for use. Dainty women say they are just what they have always wanted. Absolutely reliable, absolutely harmless. Contain no poison, will not injure delicate membranes. Safer, simpler to use than carbolic acid or compounds containing bichloride of mercury.

Special Offer—Send Now

FREE Instructions for use of VAGI-SLIPS included in your package.

Take advantage of my personal, confidential service rendered to married women by mail. To introduce VAGI-SLIPS to you, I offer you a generous size box for only 50c (or two boxes for $1.) Send name and address at once, enclosing currency, money order or stamps. I will send your package at once with free instructions in plain wrapper. Money back if not satisfied. Write me today.

Violet Page, Dept. Q7
143 Fourth Avenue
New York City

Order by Mail

Broadcast Your Thoughts to Others Anywhere!

FOR WHATEVER YOU WANT! SUCCESS! LOVE! MONEY! IT IS FREE! Results from Telepathy or Mental Radio are often magical. It may change your life. Client writes: "Quickest way to do anything is thru Telepathy." If you wish, pay no money in advance. Use it for 30 days and unless you think you've got $1,000 worth of good out of it, it is free. If satisfied, cost is small. PATY CO., 158 West 45t St., Dept. 217, N. Y.

Jack was fully aware of these plans for their future, but he owned a race horse, Fire Bird, and was betting his all on the mare to win the Futurity. He knew that this would bring him enough money so that he could marry Daisy and still keep his family in comfort.

Fontaine, the gambler, however, had other plans. Fire Bird was the favorite and it was necessary that Fire Bird be pulled and lose the race in his scheme of things. Accordingly, this was done, and, on the evening that Daisy was taken in Mrs. Vibart's carriage to meet Jack's mother, Jack was a ruined man. Only Daisy in all New York did not know this.

Mrs. Vibart, a kindly, gentle old lady, took to Daisy at first sight, and Daisy, too, felt a friendly feeling for her.

Mrs. Vibart sketched the situation and, when Daisy asked if nothing could be done to relieve it, the older woman replied:

"Yes. It all depends on you."

A few moments later, Daisy, choking with emotion, walked out of the Vibart house. She had given up her lover so that he might marry Constance and be able to support his ruined family.

Jack, unable to understand why she had left the house so suddenly, tried vainly to see her. Each time the stage doorman at the Casino Theatre told him point blank that Miss Daisy did not wish to have anything to do with him.

To make the matter final, Daisy accepted the invitation of Fontaine to attend a slumming party in the Bowery, and, when Jack joined the

HOW THE CRYSTAL DIAMOND LOOKS IN A BEAUTIFUL MOUNTING

SEND ONLY **10¢**

To Help Cover Cost of Handling and We Will Send You a Full Cut One Carat

Most Natural Artificial

"FRENCH DIAMOND"

Nothing More to Pay

Nothing to Sell—Nothing to Buy
No Red Tape Attached to This Offer

We want Thousands of new owners and boosters of Artificial **FRENCH DIAMONDS** and we will distribute these gems only **FREE** to readers of this publication.

Artificial **FRENCH DIAMONDS** are full 24 facet cut and are of such radiant beauty that even experts have commented at their likeness to the genuine.

WE ARE MAKING this unusual offer only to get Artificial **FRENCH DIAMONDS** into the hands of appreciative friends.

SLIP your name and address and 10c in stamps or coin (to cover cost of handling) in an envelope and get it right off to us. Your Artificial **FRENCH DIAMOND** will reach you by return mail fully prepaid.

IF YOU WANT ONE FOR A FRIEND ALSO, ENCLOSE 10c EXTRA—ONLY TWO TO THE SAME ADDRESS

CRYSTAL DIAMOND COMPANY
Dept. PG 303 Fourth Ave., New York

Amazing Offer!

PHOTOS ENLARGED
Size 8x10 or 11x14 in.

Only **49c** *each*

At last your chance to get a life-like Bromide photo-enlargement at a small fraction of the regular price reproduced from any clear photograph, tintype or snapshot you mail us. No photo too large nor any snapshot too small. We guarantee return of your original photograph in the same condition as received. You run no risk. **Send as many photos as you wish at the bargain price of 49c each.**

Send No Money—Simply mail us the photo, with your name and address, and in about a week you will receive a beautiful enlargement that will never fade. We will also send with the enlargement an illustrated circular describing several of our most popular frames. From this circular you can choose the frame which we are giving **FREE** with every enlargement ordered in colors. On arrival of picture pay postman only 49c plus a few pennies postage or send 50c with order and we will prepay postage. If not delighted we will refund your money.

FREE **BEAUTIFULLY CARVED FRAME**—As a special inducement to acquaint you with the high quality of our work, we'll frame every enlargement done in Pastel Water Colors—**ABSOLUTELY FREE**—during this sale only. DON'T PUT IT OFF! MAIL YOUR PHOTO NOW!

ARTWAY STUDIOS, Room 18
Cragin Bank, Chicago, Ill.

Check Size Wanted
☐ 11 x 14 in.
☐ 8 x 10 in.

Please send.....enlargements from enclosed photo. I will pay postman 49c plus postage for each enlargement. (If 50c cash for each enlargement is enclosed with this order, we pay postage.)

Name.....
Address.....
Town..... State.....

Let Me Develop YOUR Form Like This

It is so easy to have the lovely, full firm Bust that fashion demands. My wonderful new Miracle Cream Combination fills out the contours, and enlarges the size of the breasts.

Beautiful Breasts for YOU

Are you flat-chested? Do ugly, sagging lines rob you of your feminine charm? Just a few minutes a day at home devoted to my easy, simple instructions, with the application of my dainty, luscious Miracle Cream will work onders.

FREE Complete private instructions for moulding the breasts to rounded, shapely proportions included with your jar of Miracle Cream.

Special Offer Now! Send only $1.00 for large jar of Miracle Cream and Instructions. Mailed in plain wrapper Write TODAY.

BEFORE **NANCY LEE, Dept. Q-7, 853 Broadway, New York City** AFTER

QUIT TOBACCO

No man or woman can escape the harmful effects of tobacco. Don't try to banish unaided the hold tobacco has upon you. Join the thousands of inveterate tobacco users that have found it easy to quit with the aid of the Keeley Treatment.

KEELEY Treatment For *Tobacco Habit* Successful For Over 50 Years

Quickly banishes all craving for tobacco. Write today for Free Book telling how to quickly Free yourself from the tobacco habit and our Money Back Guarantee.

THE KEELEY INSTITUTE
Dept. L-905 Dwight, Illinois

We Paid $93.00

To Kimball for One Week's Work

You can do as well. Show wonderful values in union-made tailored-to-order Suits and Overcoats. Take orders easy. Biggest earnings. Daily pay and liberal bonus. No experience required. Customers save $10 to $15. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Repeat orders, permanent income.

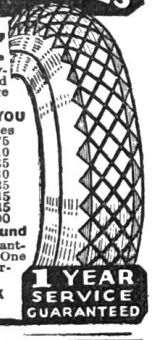
All Wool Tailored SUITS

Nearly 150 fabrics, carrying case and supplies **free.** Write at once for local territory. Give complete details for immediate consideration. Outfit sent free.

$23.75

Pioneer Tailoring Co., Dept. W1100 Congress and Throop Sts., Chicago

NEW Lowest Prices on STANDARD TIRES



Big Reductions on Goodrich, Goodyear, Firestone, etc.

Wonderful new process allows you biggest savings on guaranteed, reconstructed Standard Tires. Thousands of customers report mileage more than satisfactory.

OUR 12 MONTHS' Guarantee PROTECTS YOU

Size	Tires	Tubes	Size	Tires	Tubes
30x3½	$2.28	$1.00	33x5	$3.65	$1.75
31x4	3.00	1.15	29x4.40	2.35	1.10
32x4	3.00	1.15	30x5.25	3.00	1.35
33x4	3.00	1.15	30x5.77	3.25	1.40
32x4½	3.25	1.45	31x5.25	3.25	1.35
33x4½	3.25	1.45	33x6.00	3.25	1.45
34x4½	3.50	1.45	32x6.20	3.25	1.45
30x5	3.65	1.75	Other Bal. Sizes	$3.00	

If not satisfactory on delivery return for refund

Send only $1.00 deposit for each tire wanted—balance C. O. D. One year's service or replacement at half price guaranteed. Order today!

AMERICAN TIRE COMPANY, Dept. 417K
1329 S. Michigan Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

1 YEAR SERVICE GUARANTEED

My Love Life with a President

Let Nan Britton tell you her own amazing story. Truth is stranger than fiction in this daring account of her forbidden romance.

Was $5 Now you can get this astounding human document

Nan Britton's Startling Book
The President's Daughter

Now Only $2.98 at almost half price! Send only $2.98 for your copy of this epic book. 440 pages, 176 episodes, 49 illustrations, bound in cloth.

No C. O. D.'s to Foreign Countries.
We pay postage charges
ELIZABETH ANN GUILD, Inc.
Dept. AF-3, 11 West 42nd St., N. Y. C.

Name .....
Street .....
City ..... State.....

TOBACCO

Habit Overcome or No Pay

Over 500,000 men and women used Superba Remedy to help stop Cigarettes, Cigars, Pipe, Chewing or Snuff. Write for full treatment on trial. Contains no dope or habit forming drugs. Costs $2.00 if successful, nothing if not. SUPERBA CO., D-36, Baltimore Md.

party, she drank champagne and behaved wildly, allowing Fontaine to drink from her slipper. When Jack tried to remonstrate with her, she snubbed him, and he was forced finally to the conclusion that she cared only for his money and that, now that he was poor, she had no further use for him.

Daisy, however, once she had done the courageous thing, was disconsolate and it was only by exercising heroic will-power that she was able to keep from telling Jack how much she loved and wanted him.

Then one evening, just as the Florodora Sextette was going on the stage for the "Tell Me Pretty Maiden" number, Jack Vibart forced his way past the doorman and rushed up to Daisy.

"My mother has told me everything," he said, "and we can be married, Daisy. I've gone into the automobile business and I'm going to make a lot of money."

Daisy, however, schooled in the discipline of the theatre, had already taken her place in line and was going on with the others. So engrossed was Jack in his pleading that he followed her quite heedless of the snickers that were roused by his presence in the midst of the sextette.

"Daisy, I've got to talk to you," he said as she and the other girls began to sing their number. "I've got to talk to you," he pleaded, his voice plainly audible to the audience. "I want you to tell me," he begged, "is there any other man you're in love with?"

"There are a few, kind sir," the sextette sang.

"I don't believe you," Jack shouted. "I know that you still care for me."

"Then take a little walk with me," the sextette sang, and Jack took the suggestion. He picked Daisy up bodily and carried her off the stage and into his waiting sleigh.

"Daisy," he was saying as they went across the stage, "I love you. I want you to marry me. You'll have to marry somebody some day."

"And it might as well be you," the five remaining members of the sextette sang to the audience.

Daisy felt the same way about her problem, but she couldn't sing. She was too busy kissing Jack.

Get a Grip of--

STEEL

Send Only 25c for My Double Strength

Krusher Grip

INCREASE the size and strength of your arm without further delay. A strong grip is the barometer of your personality. With each KRUSHER GRIP I will give

FREE

a beautiful illustrated booklet filled with handsome pictures. It tells you how you can possess a manly figure packed with energy and power. How to put inches on your chest, neck, arms, and legs and get a body as shapely as Sandow.

Fill in the coupon, mail it with 25c and get this *FREE BOOKLET* and my Double Strength *KRUSHER GRIP*—the finest thing you've ever seen for building up the hands, wrists and forearms.

This *KRUSHER GRIP* can give you a grip of steel. I guarantee it. Your money back if it fails.

The Jowett Institute of Physical Culture

422 Poplar St. **Scranton, Pa.**

Dear Mr. Jowett: 47H

Enclosed is 25 cents for your double strength Krusher Grip, with which I am to receive your illustrated booklet FREE.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

"She is Yours, Master!"

SICK at heart the trembling girl shuddered at the words that delivered her to this terrible fate of the East. How could she escape from this Oriental monster into whose hands she had been given—this mysterious man of mighty power whose face none had yet seen?

Here is an *extraordinary situation.* What was to be the fate of this beautiful girl? Who was this strange emissary whom no one really knew?

To know the answer to this and the most exciting tales of Oriental adventure and mystery ever told, read on through the most thrilling, absorbing, entertaining and fascinating pages ever written.

Masterpieces of Oriental Mystery

11 Superb Volumes by SAX ROHMER
Written with his uncanny knowledge of things Oriental

HERE you are offered no ordinary mystery stories. In these books the hidden secrets, mysteries and intrigues of the Orient fairly leap from the pages. Before your very eyes spreads a swiftly moving panorama that takes you breathless from the high places of society—from homes of refinement and luxury to sinister underworlds of London and the Far East—from Piccadilly and Broadway to incredible scenes behind idol temples in far off China—to the jungles of Malay, along strange paths to the very seat of Hindu sorcery.

11 Mystery Volumes Packed With Thrills!

Be the first in your community to own these, the most wonderful Oriental mystery stories ever published—books that have sold by the hundred thousand at much higher prices—books you will enjoy reading over and over again. Handsomely bound in substantial cloth covers, a proud adornment for your table or shelf.

These are the sort of stories that President Wilson, Roosevelt and other great men read to help them relax—to forget their burdens. To read these absorbing tales of the mysterious East is to cast your worries into oblivion—to increase your efficiency.

Priced for Quick Sale

Printing these volumes by the hundred thousand when paper was cheap makes this low price possible. Only a limited number left. *Don't lose a minute!*

Complete Sets Free on Approval

You needn't send a cent. Simply mail the coupon and this amazing set will go to you immediately, all charges prepaid. If it fails to delight you, return it in ten days at our expense.

Dept. 87 2-30

McKINLAY, STONE & MACKENZIE
114 E. 16th St., N. Y.

Please send me on approval, all charges prepaid, your special set of Masterpieces of Oriental Mystery, in 11 handsomely bound cloth volumes. If after 10 days' free examination I am delighted, I will send you $1.00 promptly and $1.00 a month for only 14 months; when you receive my first payment you are to send me the Gurkha Kukri without extra cost. Otherwise, I will return the set in 10 days at your expense, the examination to cost me nothing.

MAIL TODAY, YOU RISK NOTHING

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

Occupation .....

Age: Over 21? ..... Under 21? .....

FOR CASH DEDUCT 5%

This rare PREMIUM-YOURS for prompt action!

This famous Gurkha Kukri of solid brass, 6½" long, is an exact replica of that used by the Hindu soldiers in the World War and so graphically described by Kipling in his stirring story "The Drums of the Fore and Aft." Exquisitely wrought on both sides in an ancient symbolical design. A rare curio to have and useful as a letter-opener, a paper-weight or a protection on occasion. A limited quantity on hand will be given without added cost as a premium for promptness—but you must act today!

McKinlay, Stone & Mackenzie, Dept. 87, 114 E. 16th St. New York City, N. Y.

GENUINE DIAMONDS

MODERN JEWELRY

EA 9 . . . $24.50
The "Princess Pat" —14K Solid White Gold engraved case, guaranteed 15-jewel movement Engraved genuine "Wristacrat" flexible bracelet to match. $1.96 a month

$42.50
Exquisitely New!
4 Genuine Diamonds
4 French-blue Sapphires.

EA 36 . . . Elegant and Exclusive. 4 fiery, genuine diamonds and 4 French-blue sapphires set off this beautifully hand engraved 14K solid white gold case. Fully guaranteed 15 Jewel movement. Hand pierced flexible "Wristacrat" bracelet set with sapphires to match. Patented safety clasp. $3.46 a month.

Sent for $1 Balance 12 MONTHS TO PAY

JEWELRY OF DISTINCTION
brought within your easy reach

EA 7 . . . $50
Gentlemen's massive ring of 14K solid green gold with latest style 18K solid white gold top; fiery, genuine blue-white diamond. $4.08 a month.

EA 34 . . . $25
Richly hand engraved 18K Solid White Gold solitaire mounting; fiery, genuine blue-white diamond. $2. a mo.

EA 37 . . . $75
New "Link o'Love" solitaire; hand engraved 18K Solid White Gold ring set with dazzling genuine blue-white diamond in center; 2 smaller diamonds on sides. $6.16 a month.

EA 18 . $25.75
Wedding ring of beautifully hand engraved 18K Solid White Gold; set with 7 expertly matched genuine blue-white diamonds; $2.06 a month.

Guaranteed Savings

Direct Diamond Importations and large volume buying for both our National Mail Order business and our Chain Store system enable us to offer you superior quality genuine diamonds, fine standard watches and exquisite jewelry at saving prices which are beyond comparison. All of this with no extra charge for the added convenience and advantage of dignified, liberal credit.

How to Order

Just send **$1.00** with your order and your selection comes to you on **10 DAYS FREE TRIAL. NO C.O.D. TO PAY ON ARRIVAL.** After full examination and free trial, pay balance in 12 equal monthly payments.

Satisfaction Guaranteed

10 Days Free Trial

You have the privilege of 10 days' free trial—if not completely satisfied return shipment at our expense and the entire deposit will be refunded. Written guarantee bond with every purchase.

All Dealings Strictly Confidential

A whole year to pay! No extra charge for credit—no red tape—no delay. You take no risk—satisfaction absolutely guaranteed or money back.

Gift Case Free

Every article comes to you in a most beautiful and appropriate presentation case.

EA 31 . . . Nationally advertised and guaranteed **Elgin** or **Waltham** movement; hand engraved white or green gold filled 20 year case. Latest style, flexible, mesh wrist band. $2.21 a month.

EA 6 . . $27.50
Gentlemen's hand engraved massive ring of 14K solid white gold. Imported black onyx set with a genuine diamond and any carved initial or emblem desired. $2.21 a month.

EA 35 . . . $50
Latest style, 18K Solid White Gold ring set in the center with large size flashing genuine blue-white diamond and 2 smaller diamonds on sides. $4.08 a month.

$37.50

EA 8 . . . Diamond wrist watch. 14K Solid White gold engraved case; 2 genuine diamonds and 8 emeralds or sapphires. Guaranteed 15-jewel movement. Pierced flexible "Wristacrat" bracelet with sapphires or emeralds to match. $3.04 a month.

New Catalogue FREE To Adults

Completely illustrated new catalog of genuine diamonds. Bulova, Elgin, Waltham, Hamilton, Howard Illinois watches; fine jewelry and silverware at special prices. **Write now to get your Free Copy.**

$42.50

Gorgeous Dinner Ring

EA 10 . . . Latest lace design mounting of exquisitely hand pierced 18K Solid White Gold. Set with 3 fiery, genuine blue-white diamonds and 2 French-blue sapphires. $3.46 a month.

$27.50

EA 19 . . . Nationally advertised tested and regulated 15-jewel **Waltham** movement; 20-year warranted engraved White Gold filled, 12 size, thin model, decagon case. White gold filled knife and fine Waldemar chain. All complete in handsome gift case. $2.21 a month.

$48.50

EA 12 . . . Dazzling cluster of 7 expertly matched genuine blue-white diamonds; hand pierced 18K Solid White Gold, lady's mounting. Looks like a $750 solitaire. Big value. Only $3.96 a month.

ESTABLISHED 1895

ROYAL DIAMOND & WATCH CO.

Address: DEPT. 114F | 170 BROADWAY, N.Y.C.

EA 5 . . . Nationally advertised and guaranteed 15-jewel Gent's **Bulova** watch. White gold filled case, "dust-tite" protector; radium dial and hands; latest style woven wrist band to match. $2.39 a month.